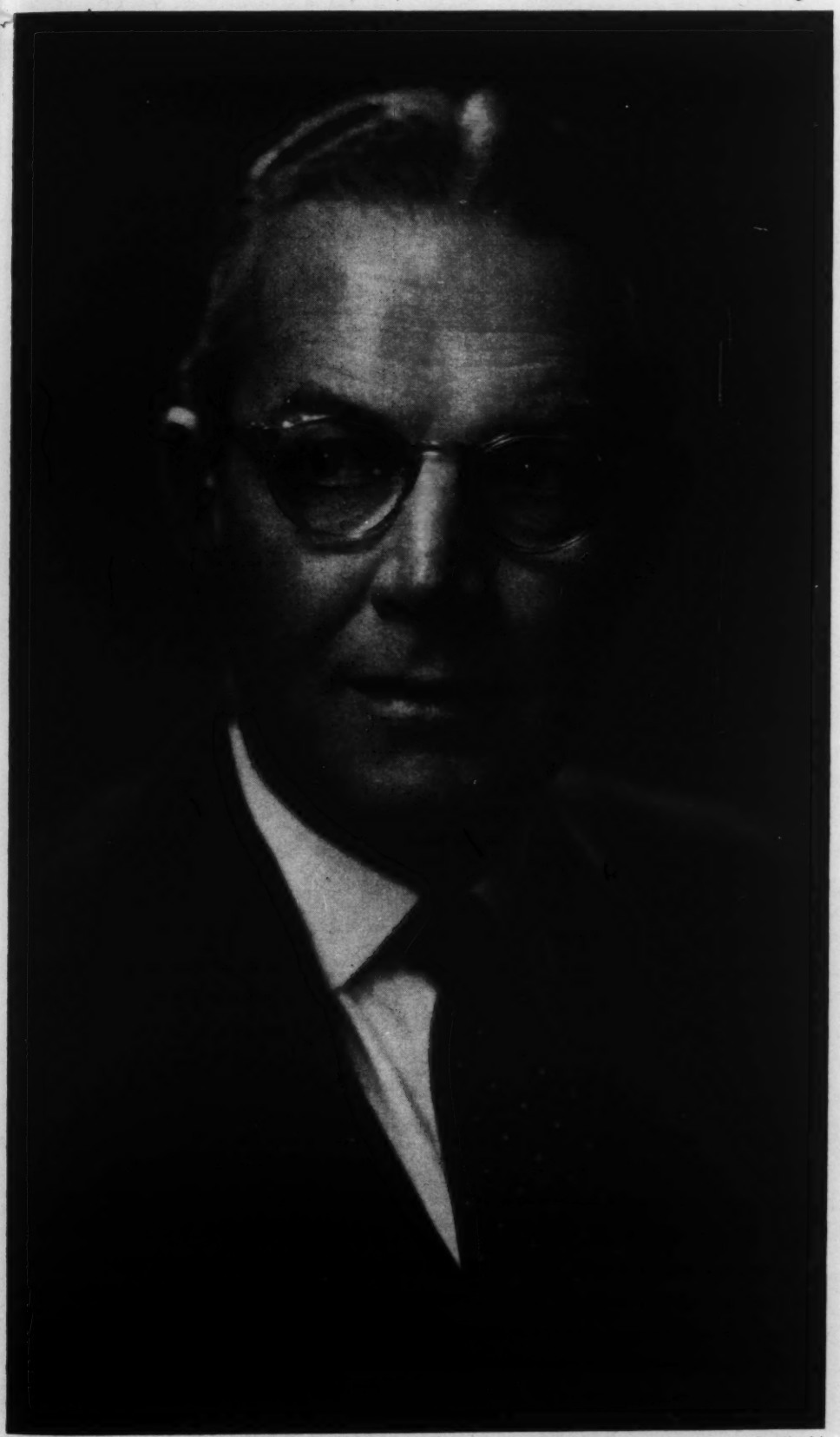
SATURDAY NIGHT

FEBRUARY 7, 1953 10 CENTS



—Paul Horsdal

ARNOLD HEENEY: He speaks for Canada on the permanent council of NATO.

EUROPEAN ARMY HANGS IN BALANCE

by Willson Woodside

IF MR. ARNOLD HEENEY, who speaks for Canada on the NATO Council, were able to offer a brigade of Canadian troops for Indo-China he would be doing more to help solve the dangerous and deep-seated European Army crisis than all our criticism of the politicians in Paris is likely to achieve. For, although the European Army crisis exploded in Paris, it originated in Indo-China. There, following Lenin's famous saying that the road to Paris and London lies through Peking and Calcutta, and the late Andrei Zhdanov's exhortation, in founding the Cominform in 1947, that the Communists must take the capitalist states in the rear in South-East Asia, the Soviets have been bleeding French military power to death. There is every reason to believe that they will be encouraged by their success up to now to redouble their efforts, perhaps even shifting the main pressure in Asia this year from Korea to Indo-China.

Losing as many officers in Indo-China as they train in France, with half of their non-commissioned officers tied down there instead of training fresh troops at home, and with a steadily worsening situation in North Africa, the French know perfectly well that the Germans will overbalance such strength as France can put into a European Army. True to their reputation for logic, they now insist that Britain must redress the balance by associating herself more closely with the European Army. After all, the European Army was not planned by Monnet or put forward by Pleven in order to ensure German domination of Western Europe, but to "contain" safely a vitally needed German contribution to the defence of Western Europe.

ALSO, with the bitter lesson of Indo-China and the increasing trouble in North Africa in mind, the French now stipulate that they must be free to shift French forces out of the European Army to meet crises in the French Union, and must be able to shift their officers freely between the part of the French Army which is inside the European Army and the part which is left outside, for overseas duty. Otherwise, as General de Gaulle has been crying unceasingly, the European Army, "a tightrope-walker's fantasy", will lead to the division of the French Army, the loss of the French Union and the certain domination of France by Germany. And while only 20 per cent of the French vote for de Gaulle's political ideas, he is still the great military expert, the Constable of France as Churchill once called him, to a much larger part of the nation.

The further condition on French acceptance of a European Army which Premier Mayer has announced, that a settlement of the Saar's European status be first negotiated with Germany, is of the same cloth. The French look upon the Saar as the balance of economic strength needed to ensure

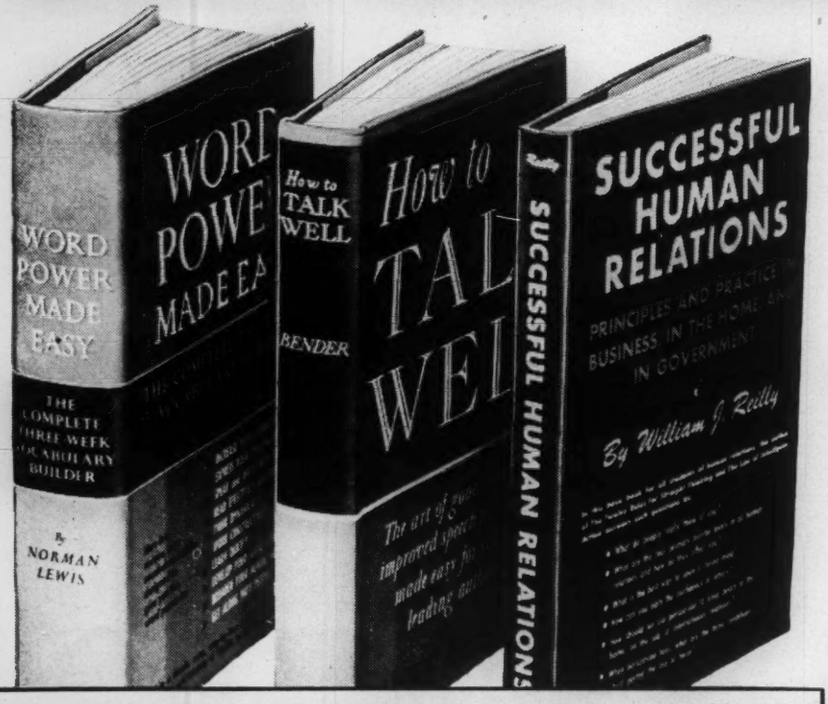
CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

All 3 FOR ONLY $1

NOW! To readers of this magazine — the most generous offer in the entire history of Executive Books

Let us rush you all 3 of these business-success books for only $1

and FREE membership in the Executive Plan


WORD POWER MADE EASY
THE COMPLETE THREE WEEK VOCABULARY BUILDER
NORMAN LEWIS
How to TALK WELL
BENDER
How to TAL WEL
SUCCESSFUL HUMAN RELATIONS
PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE IN BUSINESS IN THE HOME AND IN GOVERNMENT
By William J. Reilly

That's right — All 3 books — published at a total price of $10.45 sent you for only $1 *(plus a few cents shipping)*

"Word Power Made Easy" published at	$ 3.95
"How To Talk Well" published at	$ 3.75
"Successful Human Relations" published at	$ 2.75
TOTAL PUBLISHED PRICE FOR 3 VOLUMES	$10.45

GIVING you 3 full-sized, hard-cover books like these for only $1 is for us a very expensive way to introduce you to the Executive Plan and show you the kind of books you will be offered regularly as a FREE member of America's famous Executive Book Club — at big savings (members buy only the selections of their choice — at savings of at least 25% off retail prices).

We feel sure, however, that this introductory offer is the best way because these three Executive selections have been chosen by our editors as the very finest books available in the 3 most important "areas" of executive development. Indeed, executives making $25,000 a year (and up) will tell you that this 3-way development is the real key to winning your way to a better job at better pay.

Here's how the Executive "Plan" works —

- Each month, Executive Books' editors select an outstanding book by a recognized authority — a man at the TOP. Each book deals with practical knowledge essential to your success.
- Each month you will receive, as a member, a free copy of our report, "The Executive". In it you'll find a full description of the forthcoming month's selection (chosen from new books of the leading publishers) and a summary of many other current books on practical subjects. Thus, you have nearly a month to tell us whether or not you wish the selection.
- You are not obligated to accept every month's selection. You may take as few as four selections a year and still retain all the privileges and savings to which you are entitled. However, let's be clear about it. As a member you agree to purchase four selections of your choice during the next 12 months.
- The Executive Plan always saves you money, too. Executive Book selections cost members an average of less than $3.25 (including shipping). You always pay at least 25% less than the publisher's regular retail price. Frequently two books are offered as a Combined Selection — at a price that may be no more than the retail cost of one of the books — a saving of nearly 50% to you as a member.

Mail coupon! You need send no money!

The dollar you invest for these 3 vitally important "key" books may well be the most productive dollar you ever invested in your life. Just one of these books, may make the difference between a better job and staying in the same old "rut". So, join with the thousands of Executive Plan members in "key" positions in such top organizations as American Tel. & Tel., Beechnut Packing, B&O Railroad, Bethlehem Steel, Kennecott Copper, International Business Machines, Gulf Oil, Standard Oil of Ohio, etc. Act at once to let Executive Books help you succeed in business. Mail this coupon today or tomorrow sure!

Let these 3 books help you make 1953 your big "get-ahead" year!

Build the vocabulary you need for success — in just 3 weeks with this remarkable method!

Word Power Made Easy

by NORMAN LEWIS

NORMAN LEWIS
Well known author of "How To Read Better and Faster" and frequent contributor to leading magazines. Teacher at City College of New York. Training consultant.

How much has your vocabulary to do with your progress—and *your pay check!* Plenty! Listen to this: — The Johnson O'Connor HUMAN ENGINEERING LABORATORY has tested the vocabularies of thousands of people in all age groups and in all walks of life—and has discovered that the *men drawing down the highest salaries had largest vocabularies.*

In "Word Power Made Easy" you will learn in three weeks how to build a rich, effective, permanent vocabulary — how to gather and build ideas; how to choose words that have punch and drive. Here are words that lead to straight thinking, build self-assurance, improve ability to convey exact information.

The average adult learns only 50 new words a year. According to Mr. Lewis' schedule, you will have learned 50 new words in one hour. And if you apply yourself to this book one hour a day for 21 days, it will pay word dividends that are beyond calculation.

54 out of 55 top executives chose "good speech" as most important development factor.

How To Talk Well

by JAMES F. BENDER

DR. JAMES F. BENDER
Psychologist, teacher (Columbia University and Hunter College), author and lecturer. Organizer and a director of National Institute for Human Relations.

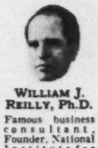
Dr. Bender's great book offers hundreds of specific aids to help you improve your speaking habits in your job, in selling a product or yourself, in talking before a group, in talking on a telephone or in social conversation. In this wonderful book you'll find 12 tips to make you a better conversationalist, 3 steps to building better speech habits, 10 guideposts to popularity, 3 rules that assure you a more persuasive voice, 18 ways successful speakers control stage fright, 24 ways to keep an audience alert and responsive, and 38 ways to conduct meetings and be a good chairman. Here are ways to overcome timidity, to think on your feet, to acquire poise and confidence, to make your voice sound better, to prepare and deliver a speech.

Just spend a few minutes each day reading this book. You will, in a remarkably short time, acquire the kind of speech that commands respect, influences people and gets things done!

How you can be a "master" at getting ahead faster and easier by "getting along better"!

Successful Human Relations

by WILLIAM J. REILLY, PH.D.



WILLIAM J. REILLY, PH.D.
Famous business consultant. Founder, National Institute for Straight Thinking

John D. Rockefeller once said "I will pay more for the ability to handle people than for any other ability under the sun". Today, that feeling is becoming more and more important throughout the business world.

This book shows with wonderfully revealing and practical examples what you can do to improve your relations with others: how you can open closed minds; how you can win the confidence of others; how you can inspire belief and how much those wonderful "belief" relationships can mean to you. This includes the very carefully developed idea of "sponsorships" — including the business of *getting* the "sponsorship" of others.

Your success — depends to a very great extent on the number of people in whom you have created a relationship that can accurately be said to be founded on *belief*. This book shows how you can greatly increase the number of such people in your own life.

EXECUTIVE BOOKS
OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO

— — ALL 3 BUSINESS SUCCESS BOOKS FOR ONLY $1 — —
(published at a total price of $10.20)

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return all books within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

EXECUTIVE BOOKS, Dept. 197
Owen Sound, Ontario

I accept your introductory offer of these 3 Executive selections for only $1.00* (plus a few cents shipping) with Free Membership in Executive Books.

With my 3 books also send me the current edition of the Executive so I may decide whether or not I wish to purchase next month's selection. I understand that as a member my only obligation is to choose as few as 4 of the 16 or more books offered during the next 12 months.

☐ Bill me $1.00 (plus a few cents shipping)
*☐ I would prefer you to pay shipping so I'm enclosing $1.00

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone (if any)_____ Prov._____

SN2

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established 1887

Vol. 68 No. 18 Whole No. 3118

CANADA

Religious Significance of the Census ..... A. C. Forrest 9
How I Became an Englishman ..... Hugh Garner 10
Hope and Fortune Found in Sugar Beets ..... George A. Yackulic 11
Music: In Terms of Pure Experience ..... Lister Sinclair 12
Ottawa Letter ..... John A. Stevenson 14

INTERNATIONAL

European Army Hangs in Balance ..... Willson Woodside 1
Letter from London ..... Beverley Nichols 4

EDITORIALS

Members' Loyalties Need Clarification; Morbid Pictures; British Art Exports; For a Fuller Life; Festival Manager; Hatred and Purges; Important Reading; Personal 5

BUSINESS

Railway Workers' Labor Boss ..... Wilfred List 16
What Time Is It? ..... W. P. Snead 17
Balance Sheets ..... Stewart Treviranus 18
There is Nothing Small ..... G. L. Pratt 18

WOMEN

Conversation Pieces 27
Ballet Pirouettes East and West ..... Margaret Ness 28
Beauty ..... Isabel Morgan 29

FILMS

The American Conscience ..... Mary Lowrey Ross 23

TRAVEL

Ireland's First Homecoming ..... Kevin Durnin 25

LIGHTER SIDE

An Interim Report ..... Mary Lowrey Ross 21

BOOKS

Do You Eat, or Basely Feed? ..... Robertson Davies 22
More Books ..... T.J.A. 23

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Letters 8
Crossword 30

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

MAX FREEDMAN, well-known writer and member of the editorial staff of *The Winnipeg Free Press*, contributes a brilliant profile of one of Canada's foremost Prime Ministers, the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen . . . "We don't know if gamblers interest you as much as me . . ." This is the opening sentence of ANTHONY WEST'S lively Letter from New York. He finds them fascinating. . . . "The Automobile: Evolution on Wheels"—ASSOCIATE EDITOR HUGH GARNER traces the history of the automobile from the early buggies to the 1953 supercars, talks of how the motorcar has grown from being the bane of a rich man's life to an essential method of transportation and discusses the future of the industry in which superhighways are essential . . . Western University's anniversary show is examined by art critic PAUL DUVAL . . . Financial EDITOR W. P. SNEAD discusses the Outlook for Western Oils and says "production is behind transportation" . . . FREDERIC MANNING gives reminiscences of a Valentine party prior to World War I with its "Cinderella" midnight finish and all the sentimental trimmings.

EDITORIAL BOARD
Robertson Davies, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt

EDITOR Gwyn Kinsey
MANAGING EDITOR Herbert McManus

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Hugh Garner, Willson Woodside

FINANCIAL EDITOR W. P. Snead
WOMEN'S EDITOR Margaret Ness

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Lillian England, John Irwin, H. Stewart Treviranus

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Robertson Davies, Peter Donovan, Paul Duval, Marjorie Thompson Flint, R. L. Hoadley, Carroll Kilpatrick (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York)

Hazel Watson (Editorial Secretary), Marjorie Budd (Editorial Assistant)

Lloyd M. Hodgkinson . . . Advertising Sales Manager

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Published and printed by
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
Birks Building, Montreal, Canada
Editorial and Advertising Offices
73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada

Jack Kent Cooke, President and Publisher; George Cottington, Vice-President and General Manager; E. B. Milling, Vice-President and Director of Sales; Neil M. Watt, Treasurer and Comptroller; George Colvin, Assistant Comptroller; William Zimmerman, Q.C. Secretary.

Gordon Rumgay ..... Director of Circulation
E. M. Pritchard ..... Director of Manufacturing

VANCOUVER, 815 W. Hastings St.; NEW YORK, Donald Cooke Inc., 551 Fifth Ave.; LOS ANGELES 48, 6399 Wilshire Blvd.; LONDON, England, 16 Evelyn Mansions, Carlisle Place, S.W.1.

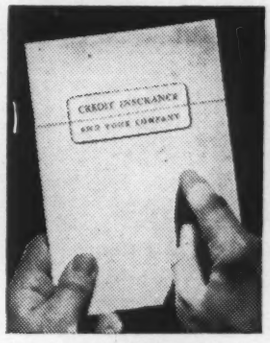
Don't let

OVERCAUTION

stand in the way of

important sales

MANY companies restrict volume because they fear too high concentration of risk in one customer . . . or one industry . . . or one section of the country. Some companies go through periods of overcaution in passing credit when they have been threatened with or taken a serious credit loss. AMERICAN CREDIT INSURANCE wipes out such threats to sales, profits, working capital. The invoice value of your shipments becomes assured dollars—as good as "money in the bank."



NEW BOOK tells 12 important ways CREDIT INSURANCE contributes to sound business management. We'd like to send you a copy. Phone our office in your city or write American Credit Indemnity Company of New York, Toronto, Montreal, Sherbrooke or Vancouver. Just say, "Send me book offered in 'Saturday Night' ".

Protect your CAPITAL
Protect your RECEIVABLES

AMERICAN CREDIT INDEMNITY COMPANY OF NEW YORK

CANADIAN DIVISION

American Credit Insurance

OFFICES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL, SHERBROOKE AND VANCOUVER

Dominion and Provincial
Government Bonds
Municipal Bonds
Public Utility
and
Industrial Financing

Orders accepted for execution on all stock exchanges

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPN. LIMITED

Established 1901

TORONTO MONTREAL NEW YORK LONDON ENG. WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER VICTORIA
LONDON KITCHENER BRANTFORD HAMILTON OTTAWA QUEBEC HALIFAX SAINT JOHN

50 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

Eagle Star
1807
Insurance Company Limited
of London, England

•

The British Crown
Assurance Corporation Limited
of Glasgow, Scotland

•

British Northwestern
Insurance Company

•

Security National
Insurance Company

•

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA
Eagle Star Bldg., 217 Bay St., Toronto

J.H. RIDDEL
Manager for Canada

R. HOLROYDE
Assistant Manager

BRANCH OFFICES—Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver

Clarkson, Gordon & Co.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

—

Toronto • Montreal • Hamilton • London
Winnipeg • Regina • Calgary • Vancouver

Letter From London

By Beverley Nichols

SINCE I can imagine nothing more boring than reading a letter from somebody one doesn't know, this letter is to tell you something about me. If you can bear it.

I am five foot ten; I weigh one hundred and forty pounds; I am a passionate gardener; a dud at all sports; an amateur pianist and a fool about all animals, particularly very vulgar dogs and very aristocratic cats. Though devoted to women I am rigidly—repeat rigidly—celibate.

I have written thirty-one books, six plays, three revues, one operetta, and about ten thousand acres of journalism. I never wanted, by the way, to be a writer at all. I wanted to be a composer. But that is one of the might-have-beens that haunt the lives of all men.

I have travelled pretty freely in Europe, Asia and the Americas, but my only two trips to Canada were too fleeting and remote for me to be able to say anything useful about them. I have dim memories of rugged natural grandeur and exceptional human kindness, set against a background of scarlet and vermilion and gold . . . for both those early visits took place in that magic interlude, the Fall. One of my reasons for writing this letter is the hope that you will be able to tell me as much about your country as I shall try to tell you about mine.

THAT is all I need to say for the moment, except for a word about my philosophy, if so simple a creed can deserve such a title. It is merely this—that the only unforgivable sin is cruelty. It is the one thing about which I feel rather grimly serious, and lose all sense of humor, whether it is cruelty to a child or a kitten or an old woman, or, for that matter, a young man. Sin, to me, *is* cruelty. If you feel the same we ought to get along pretty well together.

Now for a word about my friends, and the sort of people we'll be meeting together. I'm a contemporary of Noel Coward, John Gielgud, Oliver Messel, and all that lot. We've always been a pretty lively generation, fiercely individual, and most of us have had ringside seats at the circus of life. What's more, we've earned them. I remember, for instance, my first dinner with John Gielgud. We had four shillings between us, and there was a great argument as to whether it would be better to have a sandwich and a bottle of wine, or a steak and a cup of coffee. The sandwich won. During "dinner" John told me that he had just turned down a £40 a week offer in the West End; he preferred to continue on £3 a week at the Old Vic. "You see, Beverley," he said, "I think that one day I may make a sort of corner in Shakespeare."

He seems to have made it.

Larry Olivier, too. I remember him as a terribly earnest juvenile at the rehearsal of a play whose name I have forgotten, being very polite to me because I had just become a terribly earnest young critic. "I don't know if I shall ever be brilliant, Beverley, but if I work I believe I shall get better. Year by year."

He seems to have done so.

And Noel. When I was a cub reporter I lived in rooms of exceptional squalor situated, for all practical purposes, on the roof of Paddington railway station. One day Noel called on me with a sparkle of triumph in his eye. "Do you know what I've just got?" he cried. "A secretary!" It was some time before I realized that he was not kidding. A secretary—at twenty—that was going some! True, she was only half a secretary, and not the better half either, for it eventually transpired that she was only available in somewhat exhausted and petulant condition after the hour of six. But she was a Symbol. That night I sat up till dawn, writing like one possessed, determined to have a secretary myself. I got one, six months later.

SO IT has been, throughout our lives—a friendly see-saw of competition, swinging up into the headlines, swinging out of them again. . .

But this is supposed to be a London letter, so let us go there without any further delay. To do so will take us forty minutes; for though I have a *pied-a-terre* in London, my real home is twenty miles out. You've heard of Epsom, of course, where the Derby is run? (By the way, it might be fun if we went there together, this summer.) Well, below the rolling downs of Epsom is a village called Ashtead, and in this village there is a little Georgian house called Merry Hall, and that's me. I think you'd like my house. Square red brick, 1788, with magnolias climbing up the walls, and cats looking out of the windows, and an enchanted pool of lilies on the lawn . . . a pool that mirrors the white foam of the cherry trees.

YES, I think you'd like the little house. It's a nice place to come back to, after the bustle of London. But I think you'd like the London flat, too. It is in a quiet street in Chelsea, three minutes' walk from the Thames and all its "liquid history". If you lean over the parapet, on a grey-blue April evening, and look upstream, you will see Chelsea Bridge, just as Whistler painted it; and over there is Whistler's little house, very neat and white, with usually an American tourist gaping outside the front door.

The Thames, to me, is London, and I hope it will not bore you if, now and then, we linger by it, and dream a little. There are so many pictures to see in its hurrying waters, if you look closely enough. One of my favorites is dated 1683, the year of the great frost, when the river was frozen for many weeks to a depth of twenty feet, and when, as each night

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

EDITORIALS

Members' Loyalties Need Clarification

THOSE WHO take the long-term view of things may be a little worried by the latest word from the astronomers, most of whom now seem to think that the human race has only about 10 million years left in which to get its affairs straightened out. By that time, they say, the sun will have lost one-thousandth of its mass, which will make the earth much too chilly for those who have survived bombs, earthquakes, floods and other natural hazards to go on living. Ten million years is quite a spell, however—much too long for us to be writing of human effort right away, no matter how much of a temptation it is sometimes.

There are times when the temptation is great, when it seems that even a limitless number of years will not give human beings enough time in which to grow up. Many Canadians must have had such a feeling during the last few weeks, if they bothered to watch what their elected representatives have been doing in the House of Commons. A very important subject has been before Parliament: the way in which a department of government has looked after the spending of a great deal of the public's money on national defence. But more important than the subject itself is the way the Members of Parliament conducted themselves in debating it.

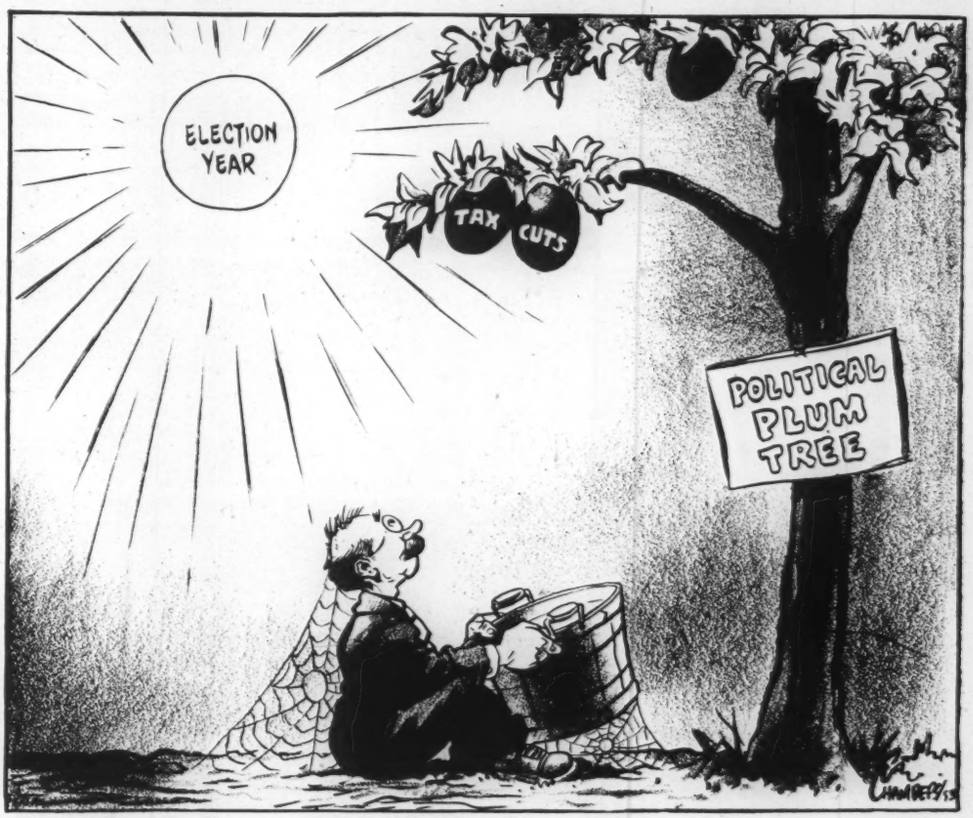
What many of the Members have done is try to drown the voice of criticism in a roaring sea of noise. There have been times when the Speaker could not make himself heard, when listeners could not catch a word of what was being said. At other times Members have stayed away from the House by their dozens, and ministers have ignored Opposition speakers by pointedly reading newspapers or periodicals.

It is to be expected that men will lose their tempers when their judgment or conduct is questioned and that much of their good sense will go with their tempers; but we can expect men in whose hands we have placed the affairs of government to hang on to enough of their good sense to know when to stop acting like a rowdy gang of children. We can expect them to understand that noise is a poor substitute for reason, that yelling is not wit, that insult is not argument, that howling down opposition is not our way of doing things.

We have so much to learn about governing ourselves that 10 million years could not be too long. More than two thousand years have passed since the Athenians groped for a system of government of the people and by the people; nearly 700 years have gone by since Earl Simon summoned two knights from every English county and two citizens from every city and two burgesses from every borough to form the forerunner of Parliament; and 179 years have dropped into history since Edmund Burke told the people of Bristol, who elected him to Parliament, that "government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination."

Burke told the people who elected him that a Member of Parliament had no right to obey, argue and vote blindly, "contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience." He was making it clear to them that they could not expect him to put their parochial interests ahead of what he might think best for the country. It is time now—indeed, the time is long overdue—for a new assessment of the responsibilities of a Member of Parliament. What Burke told his constituents still is true, but it does not go far enough because it does not define the limits of a Member's loyalty to his own party. It is silly to claim for one party all honor and justice and wisdom, just as it is silly to claim for the leaders of that party the superhuman ability to avoid all error. The members make themselves appear silly when they act as if they believed these absurdities.

Party loyalty may be a good thing; it may be necessary for the continued life of the party system. But a party is less than a country, and party loyalty is a small thing beside loyalty to a nation's integrity. When the members we elect forget these things, it is time for us to echo Cromwell and say "Get you hence, you have sat here too long," if only for the sake of those who will live through the remaining 10 million years.



Waiting for Fruit to Ripen

Morbid Pictures

PICTURES of condemned murderers on their way to the gallows have had a big play in some newspapers during recent weeks. Other editors, less eager to please the more morbid among their readers, have expressed disgust, and we share their feeling. But we cannot go along with their suggestion that the publication of such pictures be forbidden by law.

There are too many laws now whose purpose is to make people treat each other with decency and humanity; there are too many of them, because they lead us to substitute the power of the law for our own consciences. Every prohibition is a confession of weakness, and we delude ourselves if we think we can legislate weakness into strength. The many prohibitions that are necessary for the protection of society only show how far society has to go to make itself strong.

If there are editors who cannot understand the right of a condemned man or woman to privacy in the last terrible moments before execution, no amount of law-making is going to give them that understanding.

British Art Exports

AMONG ALL the other troubles besetting the British is the worry over the way works of art are leaving the country, and a committee under the chairmanship of Lord Waverley has been trying to find means of removing that worry. It's not just a simple matter of passing a law against the export of art treasures. What with income taxes and death duties and other levies, the people who own the works of art often have to make a choice between eating regularly and looking at pictures, and most of them prefer to eat; when they come to sell, they find there are more North Americans with dollars than there are Britons with pounds, which puts it up to those who started the whole thing, the people in the government, to decide if they want the pictures or their cut of the dollars.

And there's more to it than that. The British Board of Trade has a sort of control of the art exports, through a panel of advisors (art experts all)

who look the thing over before an export licence is granted. This makes a pretty bad bottleneck, of course, because the experts either have to go by a description or inspect the object themselves. Everybody gets peeved, and anyway the main concern of the Board of Trade is to see that the country gets a good share of foreign exchange in return for its exports.

Now the British Ministry of Education gets into the act. The Ministry (through another panel) has told an art master at an English grammar school he is no painter, despite the fact that his canvases have been bought by public galleries in four countries; which may not be just what Lord Waverley wants, but may have a restraining effect on prospective purchasers.

The British have a way of handling these things with humor and sense, and we do not doubt that they'll get squared away on their works of art; but we'll be watching for any signs of a feud between the panels of the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Education.

For a Fuller Life

A MESSAGE from a man whose job it is to send out bits of information about various businesses tells us that a company which makes foundation garments "doubled its business the last five years, aims to bring out new numbers, new display ideas, new educational appeal to teen-agers, and do it again."

As it happened, just before we got this message we had been reading a gloomy piece about the speed with which the world's population is increasing. It seems that there are 55,000 new mouths to feed throughout the world each morning, and we were beginning to get pretty worried by the time we reached the paragraph which said that medical science has lowered the death rate to such an extent that the population has reached 2,377 million, about 400 million more than the prewar total, and it's still going up. This is going to make it tougher than ever to get parking places and Grey Cup tickets, we thought.

Then we got the refreshing news about the foundation garments, and that put the whole thing in its proper perspective. The garment people can keep on doubling their business, because there are about 27,500 new prospective customers for them born every day; and the same thing goes for the people who make soap and popcorn and washing machines and all the other things that together mean a better life. All they need to do is figure a way of tapping the full market. In the meantime, somebody is sure to come up with an idea for providing the food that's going to be needed; somebody had better have an idea, if a lot of people aren't going to have a sticky time of it.

Festival Manager

IN CASUAL talk the other day someone mentioned the Shakespearian Festival which is to be held in Stratford, Ontario, next July, and right away we began wondering how things like Shakespearian Festivals get started—out of what welter of thought does the idea emerge and who babies it along until it starts to toddle? Not wishing to let the matter drop, we traced the Festival idea to Tom Patterson, who is the general manager of the Stratford Shakespearian Festival of Canada Foundation, and flushed with success, we cornered Mr. Patterson himself.

He not only originated the idea, but kept on plugging it until a lot of other people got interested. "I guess it came from civic pride, really," he told us, which shows what a little civic pride can do when it gets a nudge. "I went to public school and collegiate in Stratford. I was born there (June 11, 1920) and grew up there. My father was president of the Stratford Brass Company. He died, but my mother still lives in Stratford, and she has given me a tremendous amount of encouragement and support on this thing right from the start."

The start was back in the well-groomed park in Stratford, on the banks of the Avon River. Mr. Patterson was still going to school when he spotted the natural advantages of the park as a place for outdoor performances, but he kept warming over his idea through five years of overseas service with the Canadian Army. He brought it out briefly in

—Bertram Park

TOM PATTERSON

1946, but people were too busy getting over the war, among other things, and he went about the job of earning himself an arts degree at the University of Toronto. That took up his time until 1948 and then for four years he was interested in civic administration. At a municipal convention in Winnipeg in 1951, he trotted out his idea again, with former Mayor Simpson of Stratford as his audience. The mayor listened, and later Mr. Patterson made his pitch to Stratford's city council. The councillors did more than listen; they voted the money for Mr. Patterson to hotfoot it to New York, where Sir Laurence Olivier happened to be doing a bit of work. He didn't bag Olivier, but one thing led to another and after a quick shopping trip in England he was able to announce that the Festival plays would be produced by Dr. Tyrone Guthrie, the sets and costumes designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch and the cast headed by Alec Guinness.

The people of Stratford have paid all the initial bills. "They've been wonderful," Tom Patterson says. "They've paid $10,000 already, and now we have a campaign underway for about $30,000. By the time everything's set, the total cost will be around $150,000, and of course we're hoping for financial help from all over the country, because this really is a big thing. Any help we get will be appreciated, I can assure you."

Two plays will be staged at the Festival, "Richard III" and "All's Well That Ends Well." Most of the people in the cast will be Canadians, Dr. Guthrie deciding this would give the productions better balance; he has taken a look at over 200 actors and actresses in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa.

Hatred and Purges

IT IS the way of evil men with a lust for power to use for their purposes the dark things that lie hidden in the hearts and minds of all men. One of their most powerful weapons is hate, and they are quick to sharpen this weapon against others, before it can be used against themselves.

The Communists have loosed a flood of hate across the world. It has swirled across country after country, and time and again its eddies have frothed back into Communist lands. This is such a time, when the Communist leaders have decided for one reason or another that once again Gentile should hate Jew. Once again the bully-boys are swaggering through the ghettoes with pistols and clubs.

The stench of this hate is a sickening thing, but we cannot turn away and try to forget the horror of it, because it is still part of our world. Nor can we be blind to the fact that, while the brutality against helpless people is a crime against all humanity, there is a bitter kind of justice working against many of those who have been paraded through mock trials in Communist courts, for they were men who chose the way of their masters and were destroyed by the hate they helped to breed.

Important Reading

FOR A LONG time we have enjoyed reading the classified advertisements in the daily newspapers. Not only are most of the items fine examples of tight writing (3 rooms, third floor, sink, hot water, oil heating, suit couple, abstainers), but the packed columns are chapters in the real story of any community, in which the characters are not the criminals and the politicians and the other headline makers, but the children born and the quiet dead, the newly married, the seekers and providers of homes, the eager traders.

We have spent many a pleasant moment trying to put flesh on the bare bones of a skeletal plot like: "To trade: 40 Ford, will take accordion part payment." But we will be able to think of the classifieds as light reading no longer; the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* has put a stop to all that. A while ago the New York paper reported: "Harlow Curtice, who answered a 'want ad' 38 years ago and got the job as bookkeeper, was paid $526,100 last year as executive vice-president of General Motors. Now Mr. Curtice is taking an even bigger job at more pay. He is becoming president of the corporation on the departure of Charles E. Wilson, Eisenhower's Secretary of Defence."

Obviously, reading the want ads is a serious matter. From now on, we'll be haunted by the thought of what might have been had we answered some "young man wanted" appeal.

Personal

BEVERLEY NICHOLS' first Letter from London appears in this week's issue, on page 4. Mr. Nichols tells us about himself, making the letter his introduction to readers of SATURDAY NIGHT; and we think it's an introduction which will make you want to meet Mr. Nichols again and again in the columns of this journal.

Letter from London

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

fell, vast bonfires were lit, of oak and cedar, liberally sprinkled with salt to tinge the flames with purple and green. Through this ice, so strangely illuminated, the populace could stare down at shoals of eels, lying in a frozen trance.

And another picture is dated even earlier—1666—the year of the Great Fire, when Samuel Pepys plied the river in his nightgown, and painted an unforgettable picture in crimson . . . "almost burned"—as he said—"with a shower of fire-drops". Well, there are showers of fire-drops on the Thames again today, but they come from the sparkle of lights in the Festival Gardens.

Liquid history! You can read it and—quite literally—dip your fingers in it to this day.

But all this is in the past, and presumably you will be wanting to hear about the present and the future. I wonder? You know, I think it would be a good idea if you wrote to me, from time to time, and told me what you *would* like to hear about. London is a pretty big place, and I could write a letter about it every day without any particular effort.

Do you, for instance, like opera? If so, we might go to Covent Garden one night and sit in the Royal Box. And not only sit in it, but explore it, with all its curious ante-rooms and subterranean passages. (I wonder how many people realize that the Queen, when she wants to use the Royal Box, has to ring up and book it, like any commoner. And what's more, pay five guineas for it!)

Are you partial to literary life? Well, I have quite a nice line in authors. So we could get Somerset Maugham to come along to dinner, and if he doesn't say something worth saying I'll eat my hat. And Rebecca West, who is a lamb in eagle's feathers, if you know what I mean. And a number of the lesser lights who, I think, will one day be important. The one person you mustn't ask me to produce is Graham Greene, who hates my guts, and has said so at length, in print, on more than one occasion. One would have thought that a man of such genius would have found worthier targets for his satire.

Food and drink? Well, that will be difficult. These letters will be no great shakes unless we tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. And the whole truth about London's restaurants, with a very few exceptions, is that they are the worst in the world. I always feel that London food is cooked by descendants of Macbeth's witches, working in damp caverns in the bowels of the earth. But perhaps it might entertain you to hear a little even about that. It will make you realize how lucky you are, by comparison.

One thing you will be hearing a lot about, whether you like it or not, is the Coronation. You can't escape it, in London today, and personally I have no desire to. There is an Elizabethan tang in the air. For weeks the broad avenues from the Palace has been lined with giant stands, which will be packed to capacity on the great day. For months gardeners have been tending bedding out plants in red and white and blue. Tailors have been stitching robes, dressmakers have been working overtime on fabulous dresses, butchers, bakers and candlestick makers have been in a whirl of activity.

Well, that is one place where we shall be in the centre of things. I have been allotted one of the very few seats in Westminster Abbey which have been made available to the Press. If I didn't feel very proud and excited about that, I should be a pretty average sort of clod.

So there we are, and I hope you will forgive me, in this first letter, for being so outrageously egotistical. There must be a couple of hundred "I's" in it. But as I said at the outset, I do think that we've got to get to know each other, as *people*, and not just as correspondent and reader. It's the only way I've ever been able to work . . . a sort of all or nothing business, straight from the heart. If that suits you too, we shall all be happy.

Letters to the Editor

Views on Divorce

I FIND it rather difficult to follow the shades of meaning in Professor Kennedy's article on Divorce in December 20 issue.

First of all it should be recorded that expediency was never the basis upon which the Church declared a marriage to be a nullity. The grounds for nullity are specifically contained in the code of Canon Law and in the traditional teachings of the Church.

Secondly, the need for divorce never arose out of the non-recognition of "annulments from Rome". English Courts granted annulments on the same basis as Rome did after the Reformation, and still do. In addition there were only about five recorded divorces in the first three centuries after the Reformation.

Thirdly, the Prime Minister is not alone in his opposition to changes in the divorce laws. In making marriage a matter of expediency we are destroying the family which is the fundamental unit of society. What could be more in harmony with the spirit of Confederation than to save our society from the immeasurable harm caused by divorce?

Finally, in assessing the Catholic viewpoint on divorce, it ought to be realized that it is not a personal view arising out of superstition but can be proved by clergymen, lawyers, doctors and sociologists to be in perfect accord with human nature and experience.

Vancouver, BC HECTOR MACRAE

An Attractive Yield From Canada Bonds

The new issue of Government of Canada bonds provides the most attractive investment return available from Canada bonds for many years.

We offer as principals —

Government of Canada

3¾% Bonds

Due January 15, 1978

Denominations $500 and $1,000

Price: At the market, to yield about 3.85%

Orders may be placed with any of our offices.

Wood, Gundy & Company
Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary
London, Eng. Victoria Chicago New York

Maison Henri IV — By Maurice Utrillo

Included in this — the first Utrillo one man exhibition and sale ever held in Canada.

LAING GALLERIES
194 Bloor St. West—Just West Avenue Road

An occasion for celebrating!

When your firmness with the boss has been rewarded with a raise you *deserve* a celebration with *lighter, smoother* Anniversary Ale. It's brewed especially for occasions like this, with a lightness and smoothness that will make tomorrow as happy as today, combined with all the body and character traditionally Labatt's*. For anyone—feeling thirsty is enough occasion for a bottle or two of *lighter, smoother* Anniversary Ale. John Labatt Limited.

The swing is definitely to

LABATT'S

AMONG THE MISSING!

the valuable clothing and belongings you didn't mark with

Cash's WOVEN NAMES

Mark everything, and avoid losses. Permanent. Attach with a few stitches, or use No-So Cement. From your dealer, or

Cash's — Belleville 18, Ontario

CASH'S NAMES | 12 doz. $1.80 | 6 doz. $2.40 | 9 doz. $3.00 | 12 doz. $3.50 | NO-SO CEMENT per tube 25c

Letters to the Editor

Source of Pamphlets

IN YOUR issue of Dec. 6 you comment upon "pamphlets" and their availability, and bemoan the fact there is no central agency in Canada from which any citizen can obtain pamphlets. In view of the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of pamphlets issued annually in the English-speaking world as well as in the French language, I am wondering if you desire that government should establish one massive institution to obtain and distribute these publications to seekers after information or knowledge?

Would it not be better if you and our fellow-Canadians used the resources of the libraries which have the survey report of the Canadian Association of Adult Education in order to check their own holdings, as well as to lend the report to groups (including schools) in order that pamphlets of desired subject matter may be obtained for particular purposes. Libraries are equipped with pamphlet files to provide ready use of the material in this form and it is easily and quickly available by subject matter. Pamphlets are not "buried" but are active reference resources. Librarians can also provide any citizen with the lists of pamphlets available from almost any source upon almost any subject through such aids as is provided by the Canadian Association of Adult Education, "Canadiana" issued by the Bibliographic Centre—a forerunner of the National Library reference services, and many other recognized sources . . .

Winnipeg, Man. J. L. JOHNSTON, Provincial Librarian Manitoba

Art of Smearing

I WAS much amused by David White's sneer at those ignorant people who picked Owen Lattimore as "a leading Communist in the United States" over William Z. Foster (SN, Dec. 1) "Demagogues and the Art of Smearing". In my book, Lattimore's recent indictment and finding of the Federal Grand Jury (*not* McCarthy's) make White and his article look particularly stupid.

Isn't it time that SATURDAY NIGHT had another careful look at the whole problem—from both sides, not just White's *et al*?

Bronxville, NY DAVID R. SPAEDEL

Business and Art

I SHOULD like to congratulate Mr. Walter Herbert on his timely and interesting article of December 20, "Business: Big Brother to Art." The union of which he speaks between business and art is not new, for we know that in the fifteenth century it gave impetus to the Italian Renaissance. Let us hope that this reunion foreshadows a Canadian Renaissance of the twentieth century.

There is, however, one requisite lacking in the Canadian picture, the participation of the public. In the Renaissance, every man was either a craftsman or a connoisseur; to-day, the role of the public seems to be that of an admiring chorus, "Big business" should make the connection with the people and together they should foster the arts. As Mr. Herbert pointed out, Calvert's Distillers is working along these lines, and recently an article appeared in the Beamsville Express telling how the Jordan Wine Company proposes to sponsor an historical museum, the operation and continuance of which depends upon the community. It is a project in which the company has identified itself as part of the community and thus is bringing about the desired participation on the part of the individual in sponsoring the arts.

Toronto, Ont. RUTH M. HOME

Roman Catholic Population

I FOUND Mr. Hugh Garner's opening article in the Jan. 3 issue, most interesting and informative. I stumbled, however, over some percentage figures quoted in connection with the growth of Roman Catholicism in Canada, and should like you to clarify them for me.

The question in my mind is whether the percentages refer to rate of increase or to total membership.

My first interpretation is that the 1952 figures will show that 45 per cent of Canada's population is RC, whereas 49 per cent is Protestant, which apparently is a phenomenal increase in RC membership when compared to previous censuses, on which, however, I have no information.

Montreal, Que. WM. I. BREBNER

■ *The percentages are taken from the 1951 census report by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The actual percentage of Roman Catholics is 43.3, an increase of 1.5 over 1941. The figure given in the Jan. 3 article included the percentage of Ukrainian Catholics, which is 1.4.*

Sterling Convertibility

I NOTICE that an Opposition MP has been warning Mr. Churchill against any "premature steps" towards convertibility of Sterling. "A floating pound in present conditions," advises the British Labor member, "might well mean a sinking pound—a devaluation, which is not necessary—and a new rise in British living costs." He says that the right order of procedure is first to close the gap between the Sterling area's dollar earnings and dollar spending, build up "a far greater Sterling gold reserve", and then talk about convertibility.

In this regard, I have noted with interest a recent Canadian comment on the matter. Here is a paragraph taken from a letter that Anaconda Brass Company sent to an export customer in the Sterling area who had asked for their views on convertibility of Sterling:

"The best way to make Sterling convertible is to take off the shackles and let it find its own true value. It is nonsense to attempt to set up rigid values between different currencies for any length of time. If, for example, through better productivity and debt reduction in one country, the purchasing power of its currency goes up, and the reverse happens in another country, the chap whose money has increased in value certainly isn't going to be willing to trade it for another currency on the basis previously fixed. Perhaps that explanation is too simple to understand, but at least it makes sense to me."

Montreal, Que. WESLEY T. MASON

Forsey Vs. Hutchison

I HAVE just read "A Gamble and the Constitution" by Eugene Forsey, and I wish to commend you on its publication. You have performed a great public service, and it is a pity that a copy could not be put in the hands of every person who reads Bruce Hutchison's travesty. I congratulate Mr. Forsey on revealing Mr. Hutchison as a patriotic but misguided Canadian gifted only in writing descriptive panegyrics on The Un-Known Country; as well as giving us an enlightening and documentary picture of the Crisis.

Alexandria, Ont. BASIL MCCORMICK

Geographers' Opinions

GEOGRAPHERS are fortunate in having so many outside experts ready to define the field of geography. Mr. Sandwell objects in two columns (SN, Dec. 13) to two sentences in a five-page article on Great Britain. He states, "A really scientific geographer should know something of the constitutional setup and the political attitudes and relationships of the people." In refuting this, he points out that South Africa is not trying to throw off the colonial yoke, though there was no such reference to that country in the article. Even a geographer knows that South Africa is not a colony, but does Mr. Sandwell?

Mr. Sandwell's main objection to the article seems to be ruffled pride that an *American* geographer should dare venture an opinion on Great Britain. I concede that at times our southern neighbors do venture opinions on other parts of the world, including Canada as well as Great Britain, about which they are not fully informed. In all fairness, however, it should be noted that the *American* geographer is not involved this time. I point out that the article in question is signed by G.H.T.K., *viz.* George H. T. Kimble, director of the American Geographical Society. This "American geographer" is an Englishman, born and educated in England and has held his present position only since June, 1950 (see *Geographical Review*, January, 1950) . . .

Toronto, Ont. WILLIAM C. WONDERS

Lloyds Title

IN A recent SATURDAY NIGHT under the editorial heading "Pale Hands They Love" Lloyds of London is erroneously referred to as a firm. To refer to the Corporation of Lloyds as a firm is a mistake frequently made.

Toronto, Ont. J. R. BUTLER

Religious Significance of the Census

Canadians are religious, conservative. Religious fads have best hope in BC. Church union is popular but do that many people really belong to the UC?

by A. C. Forrest

THERE ARE many fascinating and curious things to be found in the new census statistics, but ecclesiastically speaking the most significant observation seems to be that Canadians are a very religious people, on paper. Particularly women! Two hundred and forty-nine out of every 250 claimed allegiance to some religious faith.

In the four Maritime provinces there were only four professing pagans, although I know some ministers who would disagree. In British Columbia for some unknown reason there are over twenty-five thousand persons with no religion, almost as many as in all the other provinces combined.

While over 99½ per cent of Canada's fourteen million plus claimed to have religion, there were forty-one thousand men and eighteen thousand women who said they had none. I have no explanation for the superior religiousness of the women, unless it could be that they answered the questions and confessed their husbands' shortcomings for them.

While Roman Catholics are gaining a little and Protestants are slipping a little, and the atheists are backsliding into some sort of faith, the Jewish people continue to hold their relative position with 1.5 per cent of the population. While Mormons, Mennonites and Lutherans are the only predominantly rural groups, members of the Jewish faith are 99 per cent urban.

When a nation's people pulls up its stakes from the farms and villages and heads for town and city as Canadians have been doing, its religion is bound to be affected. That is one reason why Canada's new and very evangelistic groups like the Pentecostals have had such phenomenal growth. They have increased almost four hundred per cent in the past twenty years. Even the Salvation Army has doubled in the past ten. All sorts of new Gospel halls have come into being, ministering by and large to those half a generation removed from the farm.

Of Canada's fourteen million people, over eight and a half million are counted as urban. Thirty years ago a little more than half of our people were counted rural.

When people move about they often change denominations, transferring without much hesitation to a different denomination in a new community, when to have done so back in the home town would have been just unheard of.

THE RESULT is those churches well established in both large city and at the four corners have not suffered as much as the denominations predominantly urban or rural. The Roman Catholic Church and the United Church of Canada have their membership divided most closely along the national lines, being strong in city, town, village, and open country. The Anglican, Presbyterian and Baptist Churches have been more largely urban churches, and while the RC's and the United Church have gained in the past ten years, all the other major Protestant groups have slipped. There are other reasons too, but this is a major one.

In the past ten years the Roman Catholic Church has increased its Canadian constituency by over a million, and its proportion of the entire population from 41.8 to 43.3 per cent. Some anti-Catholics see in this growth a sinister move to control the nation eventually. Actually in the ups and downs of the past half century, the Roman Catholic Church has only grown from 41.7 in 1901 to 43.3 in 1951. It is hardly a phenomenal growth, but it indicates that the time will come when over half of Canada may be RC. Their concentration in Quebec (and New Brunswick which has more Catholics than Protestants now) means that their influence is less across Canada than it would tend to be if more evenly spread.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND has been dropping proportionately for the past thirty years, slipping from 15.2 to 14.7 in the past decade. Presbyterianism has been on the decline relatively and took a drop in total numbers as well as in percentage, falling from 7.2 to 5.6 since 1941. It is probable that many rather careless Presbyterians who continued to list themselves in that category for some time after the majority of the denomination entered Church Union with the Methodists and Congregationalists and some others, have been transferring their nominal allegiance for the census-taker.

The Church of England, which is still the strongest church in cities like Toronto and Hamilton, is also the leading church of the far north

where its faithful missionaries have served the Eskimos, Indians and pioneers. In the North West Territories, the Yukon and in Indian land, its influence for good is stronger than any other church although the Catholic Church comes next.

While Anglicans and Presbyterians have dropped, the United Church has grown from 19.2 to 20.5, the largest relative increase of the major groups. Why? There are several reasons, social and economic as well as religious.

Distribution is one of them. The United Church has a few less adherents on the farms than in the urban centres of the Dominion. The Anglicans have almost three times as many in the large cities as on the farm. The Presbyterians almost twice. In the villages and the towns the old Methodist Church was active, and as these places have expanded in the war and postwar development, newcomers forgot their past and turned to the United Church already well established.

The growth of the United Church also indicates both indifference to religion and indifference to denominationalism. Despite the profession of faith of the 249 out of 250 when the census-taker came around, Canada has its millions who don't go to any church. In England the indifferent say, for the record, Church of England. In Scotland they say Presbyterian, and in Germany they say Lutheran. In the United States they are apt to say anything, and it used to be that in Canada they said Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist in about that order. When the United Church emerged in 1925, it became the biggest Protestant church in Canada, and the careless persons have been transferring their indifference to it. That is one reason why the United Church year book shows 29,000 adherents in Ottawa, but the census showed 39,000, and a similar picture across the country.

The extra ten thousand in Ottawa are the folk largely who support no church, but for funerals and weddings name the United Church as the one they stay away from. An indifferent person not willing to admit that he has no church to a question-asking stranger is certainly more likely to say United Church or Anglican than he is to say Free Methodist or Pentecostal. Although this adds a burden of responsibility to the church that does the marrying and burying, it provides a great opportunity as well. While it indicates that the idea of church union has won some popular support, it does not mean we can take the census figures without some interpretation.

At the same time there is a traditional interest in Canada in church union. The United Church name in itself attracts some, although its strict attitude and vocal ways regarding certain social and economic customs have lost some friends while it gained others. The statistics of the Province of Saskatchewan are indicative. There we find 250,000 United Church, 95,000 Anglicans and 33,000 Presbyterians, and also 5,000 Jehovah's Witnesses.

IN THE early days the pioneers of the wheat province realized that their little villages wouldn't support all the major denominations, so the community church movement was encouraged. This was the genesis of the church union in 1925, and makes the United Church very strong. In recent years a shortage of ministers has resulted in many churches being left without a regular pastor. And it is in such areas that the Jehovah's Witnesses and other fringe groups make their way. There is a sad story for the older churches in the past decade of church history in Saskatchewan, and to some extent right across the north and the west where a ministerial shortage is first felt.

The only small groups really to make rapid headway in recent years are the evangelistic cults. One suspects that they have risen to take the place of the Methodist Church which lost much of its evangelical method (many say its fire too) in the years before church union, and more of it in church union. Churches are always growing up, getting dignified, putting in pipe organs and moving across the tracks. New churches rise to preach the Gospel wherever there is a cultural lag, and where the Gospel seems to be obscured for the folk who like it without form, order, and ecclesiastical garb.

While the fundamentalist Gospel folk have multiplied, other tiny groups find the going difficult in Canada. Christian Science is popular in BC, but east of Ontario the denomination can scarcely muster up a good congregation for five provinces. The Adventists hold their own with difficulty. Unitarianism, traditionally strong in the U.S.A., has fewer adherents in Canada than Confucius.

Take it all in all Canadians are religious and conservative. Our Catholic Church is strong and vigorous. Religious fads have little hope except in BC. Church Union has been popular. There is a strong evangelical and orthodox strain. And when any church fails to meet the needs of the people, Canadians will either transfer to another, or do like Americans, start a new church with a different name, where the same old Gospel appears to be preached in the same old-fashioned way.

THE WRITER *is minister of the First United Church, Port Credit, Ont.*

SPANISH WAR FLASHBACK

How I Became an Englishman

by Hugh Garner

ALTHOUGH I was born in England in 1913, of English ancestry, I didn't become an Englishman until 1937. And the strange part of it is that my rebirth, if I can call it that, happened while I was serving in a Communist army.

I suppose that everyone at some point meets up with a moment which helps to shape his destiny. At the time it may have little or no significance, but looking back on it from the omniscience of the present it stands out as a turning point in his life. My moment happened on a July night in 1937 beside a road north-west of Madrid, during the Spanish Civil War.

We are natives of one country or another through a pure accident of birth, but because we are born there we acquire a feeling, an *esprit*, for our fellow-countrymen. This oneness with them may be lost through disassociation with our native country, or it may lie dormant and unknown within us most of our lives. Mine had been lying dormant since moving to Canada at the age of six, and it had been pushed farther into the background by the ideologies I absorbed in my early twenties.

About a year before going to Spain I had changed from a young man with no particular political ideas into a rabid Socialist. During this transition, and particularly after it, I had developed a contempt for the vertical lines which separated nationalities, and a firm belief in the horizontal ones marking the separation of class from class. I looked upon myself as being no more an Englishman or a Canadian than I was a Zulu or a Swede. I had now become something new and undreamed of by me a year before, a member of that amorphous group known to Socialists as The Working Class. It was as a member of this class that I enlisted in the Spanish Civil War, and it was for this class, rather than for my own country, that I went there to fight. One small thing changed me, and set me back on the paths of nationalism and patriotism which I had left, with so much contempt, a short time before.

Around the beginning of July 1937 my brigade, which had been in billets for two weeks since being relieved on the Jarama Front south of Madrid, was ordered back into the fighting. We had been in the trenches on the Jarama since February, and none of us, except the new replacements, was looking forward to a new battle with anything like elation. I was not looking forward to it at all, and I envied the boys who already had their wounds, and who were lying safe in their hospital beds on the sea coast.

WE MARCHED all night, every night, for almost a week, and bivouacked in the woods during the daylight. My feet became blistered and sore after four nights of marching, but I bathed them during the next day and they felt fine again by nightfall. The following day was the same, and by evening my feet had become so swollen and inflamed that I reported to the Brigade first-aid post, where a doctor bathed them in warm water and boracic, gave me some curt advice on how an infantryman should look after his feet, and wrapped them in several yards of bandage till they had the appearance of a pair of cocoons. That night I rode in a truck behind my battalion, stretched out asleep on a pile of heavy baggage and boxes of ammunition.

The next evening when our food came up from the field kitchen, we found, along with the boiled horse meat and chick-peas which were our usual fare, that we had also been issued with a large slice of Dutch cheese and a bar of chocolate. We knew then that we would be attacking that night or early the next day.

The men in my unit, the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, kidded me about choosing the best possible time to suffer from foot trouble. Their words were spoken jokingly, but their tone was a mixture of envy and contempt for one who had found an easy, yet legitimate, means of avoiding participation in the attack. My feelings were that I was the luckiest man in the Brigade, and having an excuse for staying out of the line felt like a last minute pardon to a condemned man. I wouldn't have traded places with any of them for a ticket home.

I was given the job of staying behind to look after the battalion baggage, and when it got dark I took up a position on top of a large pile of haversacks and blanket rolls, accompanied by a young American from my company by the name of Karpish, who had a flesh wound in his arm. Together, we sat and smoked and congratulated each other on our luck in avoiding the coming battle.

THE various battalions of the Brigade began moving off through the darkness around midnight, following each other at intervals down a sunken road that snaked its way below our position on the baggage pile.

The first one to come by was the 24th Spanish Battalion, our permanent support group, which passed us in the darkness, accompanied by the discordant tinkle of the tin spoons and plates that the peasant boys carried hanging from their belts. Their passing was almost stealthy, but here and there a small section of the marching men was singing a revolutionary song of theirs, No Pasaran, or They Shall Not Pass.

"There's something about that song that gets me," Karpish said. "It reflects the spirit that saved Madrid."

Drawing by Faith Wood

"Yeah," I answered, without enthusiasm. Karpish was a redhot Communist; of the kind we used to call "Red Rotarians" in our outfit.

"A revolutionary song like that peps me up," he said. "It shows me that the solidarity of the Workers is a real thing. It makes me realize that we are here to represent the Working Class everywhere."

"Yeah," I answered.

For a few minutes after the Spanish Battalion had passed, the only sounds to be heard were those of a convoy of tanks and *camions* moving along the highway, a mile or so away. Then we heard the quick step of our Franco-Belgian Battalion approaching, and the lilting words of their Jacobean revolutionary song, *Carmagnole*, echoing through the darkness. They drew abreast of us, and then passed on down the road, while we listened to their singing.

I WAS thinking of what Karpish had said. Somehow, although I was a Communist sympathizer, there was a part of me that Communist propaganda could not penetrate. I remembered the apathy with which I had listened to Communist speakers at meetings before coming to Spain, and the way I had felt while marching in the May Day Parade in Toronto the year before. I could not analyze my feelings, but they were the same ones I had once as a small boy when I attended a revivalist camp, and was forced to join in the singing of their hymns. It was a feeling of vague embarrassment.

Although many of the men in my unit came from the middle-class they had developed an all-consuming love for the Workers, while I, who had been born into the working-class and had been a member of it all my life, did not have any particular love for it. It was not a case of familiarity breeding contempt, for I believed passionately that the working man deserved a better deal, but I could not get stirred up over something that seemed to have been falsely created from outside itself.

Soon another battalion came down the road, and I recognized the heavy, purposeful step and the solid, phlegmatic cadence of the Georgi Dimitroff Battalion. The Dimitroffs were good troops, mostly Slavs and men from the Balkan countries, but their humorless attitude towards the war had not made friendship with them very easy. Long before the first files drew close I heard them singing the *Internationale*.

Karpish joined in the singing, ". . . Arise ye wretched of the earth . . .!" Then he said, "They're singing in Czech."

I nodded.

"We used to sing that in Carbondale, P.A.," he said. "I think it's the most wonderful song ever written. The men on the picket lines at the pits used to sing it when there was a strike."

I wondered why it did not have the same effect on me as it did on Karpish. There was something about it that was foreign to me; something European and beyond my comprehension. The working people I had been brought up with never sang revolutionary songs at all, and they would never, under any circumstances, have affiliated themselves with the "wretched of the earth."

As the last company of the Dimitroffs passed us in the darkness we heard our own battalion, the American, forming up in column of route in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

—Lethbridge Herald

IMMIGRANTS like these have found Alberta's beet sugar industry a stepping stone to prosperous farm ownership.

STOOP LABORERS INTO PROSPEROUS FARMERS

Hope and Fortune Found in Sugar Beets

by George A. Yackulic

ALBERTA'S fat crops of sugar beets have been doing much more than pouring over a hundred million pounds of sweetness into the sugar bowls of western Canada annually. They've also been turning into land-owning farmers scores of families who came to this country from Europe in the postwar flow of immigrants as plain agricultural workers with little more than the clothing on their backs and a willingness to tackle tough jobs.

Elevating families from stoop labor into the class of prosperous farmers is nothing new for the beet-sugar industry in Canada's most important beet-sugar province. It's been a stepping stone to farm ownership for so long that fully 75 per cent of the 1,593 irrigated farms on which sugar beets were grown in Alberta last year—and many hundreds of other farms as well—are owned by families who received their start in Canadian agriculture by working up and down rows of beets on their hands and knees.

The Alberta sugar industry's latest graduating class, however, consists largely of families who had been beaten into hopelessness so thoroughly in war-torn Europe that most of them did not dare to even day-dream of ever owning a chunk of land in Canada, much less of acquiring it for themselves within two or three or four years.

Of course, as they headed towards the beet fields they did not know what a stepping stone awaited them in southern Alberta, where the beet-sugar industry is concentrated in irrigated districts about Lethbridge.

From the time it was founded in 1902, Alberta's beet-sugar industry has been maintained and expanded largely by immigrant labor. And it has rewarded these new Canadians in fine fashion for their back-breaking work, especially in the recent years of the industry's greatest progress and prosperity.

How fast industrious and thrifty immigrants can come along by working sugar beets is best summed up in this stock remark among southern Alberta farmers: "Before an immigrant family has worked sugar beets five years it is looking about for a farm of its own. Another five years and it has the farm and machinery all paid for, has money in the bank and is sitting back watching a family of new immigrants working its beets."

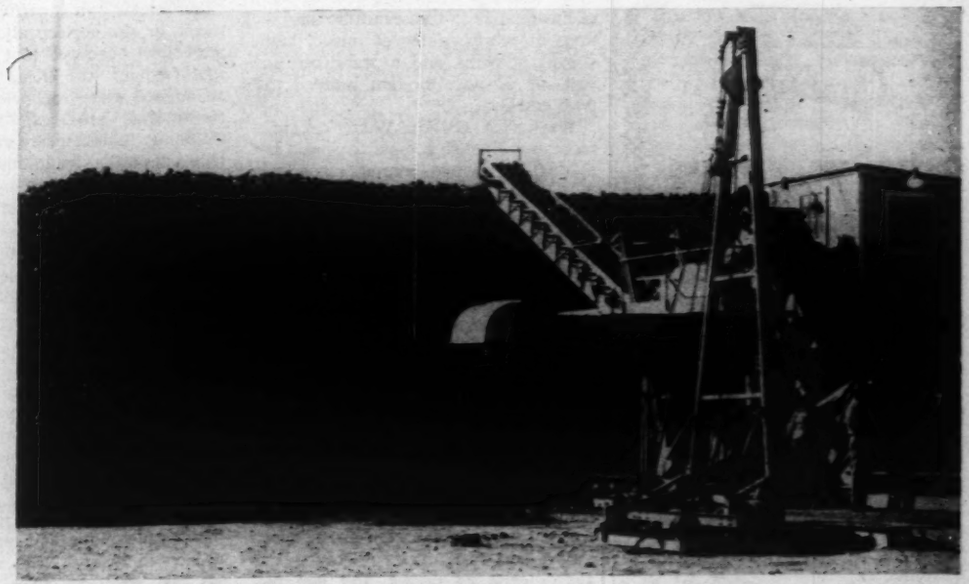
It also is brightly reflected—and now more than ever before—in the scramble as more than 200 immigrant families who came to Canada since the war roam about southern Alberta this winter buying farms for themselves. Many of them are buying farms carrying price tags of over $50,000.

That they are able to swing such deals only a few years after coming here empty-handed is due partly to the great crop of beets produced in Alberta last fall and partly to the way these new Canadians recognize and grasp opportunities offered by the beet-sugar industry.

POSTWAR immigrants provided the labor required for producing beets on more than 60 per cent of the record-setting 36,778 acres from which the roots were harvested in Alberta last fall, all the work on about 8,000 acres being done by immigrants who came to Canada last spring.

By the time harvesting of the crop was completed in November, Alberta's farmers had sent

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



Part of the huge crop of 480,000 tons of beet in Alberta is stockpiled before shipment for processing.

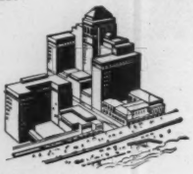
THE WRITER *is a member of the editorial staff of* The Lethbridge Herald.

WEARY OF WINTER?

Then come here and relax in an atmosphere of traditional hospitality and temperate ocean-side weather.

Loll on spacious sun decks, breathe the tangy salt air breeze. Spend days spiced with fun—everything's here, from golf to indoor games. Dine in the beautiful Peacock Room. Stroll our famous boardwalk and beach. Enjoy our health baths and the salt water baths every room affords. Dancing, concerts. This endless variety of activities is within the hotel or just steps away.

Spend a memorable holiday at this famous beachfront hotel. American and European Plans.



CANADIAN OFFICES:
Suite 2224, 44 King Street West
Toronto, Ontario
Telephone: Empire 6-4636

Call your local travel agent or write direct

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Operated by Atlantic City's oldest hotel firm
LEEDS & LIPPINCOTT CO.
63 years in the hotel business

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
W. M. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Leith

'Quality Tells'

VAT 69

Finest

SCOTCH WHISKY

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

MUSIC

In Terms of Pure Experience

by Lister Sinclair

THERE HAS been a good deal said about the recent recording of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony by Toscanini. Almost all has been directed to the personality and opinions of the great old conductor. Almost none has been directed to the problem of why this particular piece of music should be such a searching and final exercise of Toscanini's abilities and insight.

In short, the really interesting personality is not Toscanini but Beethoven; and the interest even in Beethoven must be specially acute because this symphony is the only one he wrote in his last style.

Very few artists survive long enough and grow enough to reach a last style. Sometimes the man perishes before the artist. Schubert's epitaph is a true one: "The Art of Music has here entombed a rich possession, but even far fairer hopes." Sometimes the artist perishes before the man; and we watch with growing sadness the spirit of genius that animated his youth fade slowly from the stagnating mind of Mendelssohn.

But those who do attain a last style find themselves on common ground, no matter what art they practise. The last plays of Sophocles, of Shakespeare, and of Ibsen; the last music of Beethoven and of Wagner; the last paintings of Leonardo and of Rembrandt; all this work accosts us with the same singular challenge and the same insistent urgency. Each of these men has set down something for his fellow men. "For them to read when they're in trouble, and I am not", as Housman said.

DISDAINING alike the courtesies of convention, the sympathy of the audience and even the limitations of the medium, each produced in his last style work so full of matter as to burst convention, so full of insight as to fascinate attention, and so full of meaning as to transcend the limitations of words, notes of music, and streaks of paint, and to stand out as ecstasies of pure thought wedded to pure emotion.

Plays such as "The Winter's Tale" force our English tongue to speak in a voice it almost cannot recognize as its own. Paintings such as Rembrandt's last self-portraits cannot appear only as brutally rough representations of a tired and ugly old man; they harrow us to the heart with knowledge and acceptance, the two great weapons of maturity. And the last works of Beethoven, including this Ninth Symphony, do not seem to belong to the Art of Music. They belong to pure art. As arrangements of sounds, they are jagged, abrupt and incomprehensible. It is as arrangements of thoughts that we find them taut and passionate, beyond words. I should say, beyond music, for we feel the overwhelming sense that here at last even Beethoven's mighty spirit has cracked its sinews, and met its judgment.

And these things are common to all work produced in a last style. It is usually the last style of three. The first is an imitation of the greatest work of the artist's great predecessors. This is wise for, like Newton, if these men have seen a little farther than their fellows, it was because they stood upon the shoulders of giants. Only a fool will do for himself what somebody else has already done for him, and so we find that genius of the maturing kind commonly begins by making over to itself what has already been accomplished. So Beethoven writes his first six quartets, and runs up a debt in favor of Haydn and Mozart.

SO ALSO Ibsen begins his career by writing exciting historical romances, full of Vikings, and winged helmets, and complications of misunderstanding, and all the rest of the costumier's paraphernalia of the nineteenth century theatre. The aim is not originality but excellence. The conventions are gladly accepted at first; the formulae seem alive and full of novelty.

The second style is the style of mastery. In work after work the artist reluctantly abandons another of the rules of his youth and shows off the smooth muscles of his mastership. Here Beethoven writes the symphonies, concertos and overtures that are still most commonly played. Here Shakespeare writes the plays that we usually read in school. Here Rembrandt becomes famous (and rich) as a painter of portraits on commission. The hammer of the giant falls with ease and confidence.

But it passes. The man grows old in his heart. The mastery he has acquired with so much bitter toil, he seems to cast away. All the things which lesser men think important, he either treats with perfunctory contempt, or else neglects altogether. The incredibly beautiful plot mechanism of "Oedipus the King" is totally abandoned when Sophocles sets down the strange ritual of "Oedipus At Colonnus." Shakespeare in his old age tells tales of a grandfather and tells them badly. Beethoven loses the habit of gigantic energy tempered by melting sweetness which to this minute still hurls the Fifth Symphony on a path as sure and inevitable as a comet; instead he falls to grinding together pieces of his mind as jagged and intractable as icebergs.

ALL THESE men cease to speak in terms of their own particular art, and speak instead in terms of pure experience. For a long time now these men have had nothing to say to people who think the arts are a flight from reality. To each man, his art has meant more and more an approach to reality. Now, as he enters his last style, he gives up the approach. He gives up the art. He deals, so far as man is able, with reality itself. Without preamble he plunges into the business of telling us what he knows of passion and serenity, and other last things. And Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Beethoven and the rest of them, all give us glimpses of the same mysterious kingdom. Plato might have said it was the pattern that was laid up in heaven; and Plato perhaps knew what he was talking about, for as a poet, he too found his last style.

It is this quality that is the abiding interest in the Ninth Symphony. It is no longer great music; it is the feeble and imperfect transcript of the vision of reality. In every note you can hear the agony of longing as the noble heart breaks with its failure to tell us what it knows to be true. Ulysses, returning, can only say, "These eyes saw Troy fall, and the sufferings of the Greeks." What else can he say? Words cannot tell it, nor music either; but perhaps the inner light may suddenly pass to us; and then we too for an instant realize what it is that Beethoven laid down his art for us to learn. No wonder Toscanini has struggled for fifty years to know this symphony. No wonder he has left it unsatisfied. It could hardly be otherwise. Beethoven was not satisfied; a man who is trying to open the eyes of the blind rarely is.

But we need not despair. The record of the vision can be found in all the arts; and as we grow in spirit we begin to understand it. Indeed, we may even glimpse it for ourselves. Time is on our side. As the Lay of the Battle of Maldon said, so many centuries ago, of them and of us:

Thought shall be the harder,
Heart the keener,
Mood shall be the more,
As our might lessens.

Sugar Beets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

480,000 tons of roots to three processing plants owned and operated in Alberta. The tonnage shattered Alberta's previous all-time production record of 445,164 tons from the 1950 crop. It went into the books as the largest crop ever produced by any province in the history of Canada.

The method whereby Alberta's sugar-beet growers are paid 63 per cent of the proceeds from the sale of sugar extracted from their crop is expected to return farmers approximately $15 per ton for their 1952 beets, or an average of $200 per acre. But, because of the incentive offered beet workers for fat yields and the determination of immigrants to cash in on bonuses to swell their savings, crops averaging between 15 and 20 tons per acre are numerous on Alberta's irrigated farms. By the time they finish collecting for their 1952 crop next fall, many of Alberta's farmers will count their profits from beets at over $100 per acre.

A steady flow of immigrants is needed to provide the growing of sugar beets in Alberta with ample labor until the various operations in raising and harvesting the crop become more fully mechanized.

European Army Hangs in the Balance

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

them against German domination within the Schuman coal and steel community, which is already set up and working. France plus the Saar just about equals German steel production; Germany plus the Saar far exceeds French production. The French don't want to annex the Saar outright. The most they really hope for is making it "European." The recent Saar elections indicate that the Saarlanders favor such a solution too, and Adenauer would accept it, but the increasingly strong German right wing agitates for reunion with Germany.

It is, of course, easy to blame the French for not having developed their economic strength as rapidly as the Germans have since the war—or before it; for not governing themselves better, so that the country always looks weaker than it is and is not as strong as it could be; for proposing the European Army plan themselves and then balking at it just as it was about to be realized, and hence throwing all of NATO's plans into confusion.

The influential *U.S. News and World Report* takes this line, in its issue of January 16. "The European Army," it says, "is virtually dead before it is born . . . The Atlantic Alliance has been severely set back by the French . . . The U.S. program for Europe is on the verge of collapse . . . The American vision of a unified Europe can be forgotten, short of a miracle. The U.S. will have to come up with a whole new set of alternatives for Europe."

AND WHAT is the alternative policy which this widely-read publication puts forward? "French leadership isn't the answer. U.S. withdrawal from Europe invites Stalin to walk in. Arming Germans to defend Europe is the only choice left to Eisenhower if U.S. and British troops are not to be garrisoned in Germany forever. French may have to permit U.S. to arm Germans as condition of U.S. aid to France . . . U.S., as it is, has equipment for German Army ready, all stockpiled." If the French refuse to cooperate, "France is to downgrade as U.S. ally; West Germany moves up as potentially more powerful ally for U.S. New Big Three may be U.S., Britain, Germany, leaving France outside looking in."

There you have the outpouring of American frustration over the seemingly insoluble problems of ending the war in Korea, helping the French in Indo-China, building a defence in Europe, and shoring up all the areas in between. Fortunately, the simple exchange of Germany for France as the principal U.S. ally on the continent cannot be official American policy; and if it were it could not be adopted readily by NATO, almost all of whose European members have been allied with France and occupied by Germany.

The Western problem still is, how to secure that German contribution which the French Marshal Juin, as much as the British Montgomery, the American Ridgway or the Canadian Simonds, judges to be vital to any successful defence of Western Europe. But in pursuing it, Washington must take care of the feelings of its other European allies towards the Germans, just as the autocratic Kremlin must nevertheless beware the feelings of the Poles and Czechs when it makes its bid for a reunited Germany as Soviet Russia's major ally.

There are geographical as well as political considerations. If Germany is necessary to give NATO some depth for defence, as well as additional high-calibre troops and the support of the civil population in the fighting area, France is the main base for the whole operation of defending Europe. The supplies are brought in to its ports and carried across its roads and railways. The reserves are to be assembled there. The main ground-support air bases are being built there. Of what use would it be to gain forward strength in Germany if in doing it we undermined the rear? The problem is, just as it was when Acheson suddenly came out with his proposal for 10 German divisions in the midst of the first Korean crisis, in September 1950, how to secure both.

The French improvised the plan for a European Army to meet this 1950 situation. I happened to be in the midst of it, as I knew the deputy who was sent off hotfoot to Bonn by Pleven and Queuille to talk to Adenauer, Heinemann and the German and Allied generals, and came back with the basic idea, which was announced ten days later. That's about how much planning went into it.

Of course, the original proposal for national formations no larger than battalions was modified in the long pull of negotiation which produced the present plan, signed by France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg in May of last year, but not yet ratified by any of their parliaments. Military practicability triumphed, and in the end the French were taking their stand, not against German brigades but against German corps, and the national unit was fixed as the small division which is now generally in favor.

Yet there is no reason to believe that the present European Army plan is a perfect one, which must not be touched. The military editor of the *New York Times*, Hanson Baldwin, wrote the other day after a prolonged trip through the NATO lands, that "many military authorities believe that the European Army, as now projected, is technically unworkable."

It would be strange if the present plan could not be improved upon, either in renewed negotiations now, or better, by modifying it as experience indicated, after it was set up. But talk of modification, such as Mayer has agreed to under heavy pressure from the Assembly, and of putting a Saar settlement first, means further delay in providing Western Europe with the minimum of security against a possible Soviet onslaught.

In the circumstances, Field Marshal Montgomery has come up with the one suggestion which could really assure the French and speed the formation of the European Army. He has proposed that the British ground forces in Europe be included in the European Army. Mayer actually doesn't ask quite this much: only a solemn and signed assurance that British troops in Europe would work in the closest cooperation with the European Army—as the British Government has already said they will.

With such an undertaking, and with diligent diplomacy by U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Aid Administrator Harold Stassen on their rescue mission to Europe, the European Army plan could almost certainly be saved and even improved. It is true that General de Gaulle continues to talk of a national German Army as a means of preserving a national French Army. But such a revival would stir deep French fears, and be considered by the whole of European opinion which has been working towards the integration of the continent as a retrograde step.

The most influential French paper, *Le Monde*, which has opposed a European Army, now favors one, with the modifications proposed by Mayer. And the Gaullist group in the Assembly tacitly accepted a modified European Army plan when it gave its support to Mayer, after interrogating him point by point on the matter.

Far from being a disaster, it is just as well that the European Army question has been brought to a head. The reservations of the French, quickly followed by those of Bonn, only recognize a difficult situation which existed in both countries. In Paris the treaty had already awaited ratification for nine months; in Germany final action attended a decision of the Supreme Court.

ADENAUER had pressed for ratification to the very limit of political feasibility, and quickly seized at a respite, saying Germany, too, wanted modifications. But he has now returned to the firing line to insist that ratification should come first, and as soon as possible, and modification afterwards. He has spoken of a "kind of Commonwealth conference" among the six signatories, to carry out a continuing revision as experience indicated.

The explosion of French objections may, by focusing attention on possible alternatives to the European Army, clearly expose these as less desirable. It may demonstrate to the British the error of their position in urging Europe to unity yet refusing to allow even those British troops which are stationed on the continent to be joined to a European Army.

Above all, it may fully open the eyes of France's partners in NATO to the way in which their alliance is threatened at its core in Europe by a Soviet threat shrewdly applied in far-off Indo-China, and bring them to practical action to strengthen the French military position in Europe by taking some of the load off her in the East.

The idea has not yet been discussed in Canada, and will be strongly resisted in Ottawa, but there is every bit as much reason to send a Canadian brigade to Indo-China, vital as it is to the defence of all South-East Asia, as to Korea.

—Schlass in France-Amérique

THE EUROPEAN ARMY: A FRENCH RECIPE

OTTAWA LETTER

Early Election is Possible

by John A. Stevenson

THE IDEA of a general election before the Coronation cannot be ruled out as an impossibility. Before the revelations of the Currie Report confirmed the suspicions of the public that under a weak Minister the Department of National Defence was mismanaging the program of rearmament and gave the parties in opposition an opportunity for a combined attack upon the Government, a majority of both the Cabinet and its following in Parliament was favorable to the project of an election in the late spring.

The calculation was that with the farmers in a cheerful mood as the result of harvesting bountiful crops and a high level of industrial activity keeping unemployment down to modest dimensions and wages at their topmost scale in our history, the voters would hesitate to eject from office a Ministry, which could claim credit, perhaps not wholly justified but still plausible, for producing an era of good times; and that it would be wise to appeal without delay for a fresh mandate and not run the risk of poor crops, an economic recession in the United States or some other adverse factor causing a setback for the national prosperity, for which the Government would be blamed by many voters.

However, the evidence of a very unfavorable reaction throughout the country to the disclosures of waste and extravagance made by the Currie Report and through the debate in Parliament among voters, who feel that they have been grossly overtaxed in recent years, has for the moment cooled the ardor of many of the Liberal advocates of an early election. But the idea still has a band of keen supporters, who believe that the Government has in its hands some winning cards, sufficiently strong to offset the damage done by the Currie Report.

One of these is the belligerent attitude which Premier Duplessis of Quebec has suddenly adopted towards the Federal Government. In recent speeches in the Legislative Assembly of Quebec he has made wild accusations that since 1945 certain Ministers at Ottawa have been trying "to pit Quebec against Ontario" and that the hapless government of the latter province had been "seized by the throat" and forced to sign an agreement about taxation. In fiery words he has proclaimed that "Quebec has what it takes to resist blackmail" and that against sinister encroachments of the Federal authority" we are fighting for the current generation and for that of tomorrow, we are fighting for a democratic regime, which cannot continue to exist under the centralizers."

Now, since Mr. Duplessis is an expert political actor, there is a good deal of theatrical fustian in such pronouncements, but they also indicate that he has declared war upon the St. Laurent Ministry as he did in 1941 upon the King Ministry over the issue of Canada's participation in the Second World War.

Some of the directors of the strategy of the Liberal party are confident that, whatever may be the views of Mr. Duplessis and his Union Nationale party, the rest of the country believes that for the efficient governing of Canada a strong Federal authority at Ottawa is essential, that they favor an equitable distribution of the burdens and fruits of taxation in order to make possible nation-wide uniformity in the benefits of social services and that they resent the snarling dog-in-the manger attitude of Mr. Duplessis and regard him as a professional disturber of the national harmony.

THEY ARE fully aware that, if they make the attitude of Mr. Duplessis an issue of the election, he is certain to take the field in the Federal election as the active ally of Mr. Drew, who has given his blessing to the contentions about the invasion of provincial rights, and to mobilize his well-oiled political machine for the support of Progressive - Conservative candidates in Quebec. But they feel assured that Mr. St. Laurent has now such a

You can go out with an easier mind when you know the telephone is "right there".

So many times, in so many ways, your telephone contributes to your sense of security... to easier and more pleasant living for you and your family.

No price can measure its usefulness

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

powerful hold upon the affections of the great majority of his racial compatriots, even if Mr. Duplessis ranges over his province painting lurid pictures of the menace offered to its sacred rights, they will remain deaf to the suggestion that they would be safer if Mr. Drew replaced the present Prime Minister at Ottawa.

THEY ARE equally convinced that, if Mr. Drew accepted the active cooperation of Mr. Duplessis, which he could hardly refuse if it was offered, the embrace would be a kiss of death for him outside Quebec, as thousands of Progressive-Conservatives and independents would refuse to vote for a political blood brother of Mr. Duplessis. And thousands of disgruntled Liberals would also decide that the sins of their own leaders must be condoned in preference to letting the will of Mr. Duplessis prevail.

The second card, on which the Liberal champions of an early election set great store, is the representation of Canada at the approaching coronation of Queen Elizabeth. It is a question about which the official program of the Liberal party for the beguilement of the voters will be quite silent. But there are subtle ways and means of using the machinery of propaganda to pose to the voters the issue as to whether they would prefer Canada to have as its chief representative at the Coronation Mr. St. Laurent or Mr. Drew.

In French-Canada the response in favor of Mr. St. Laurent would be virtually unanimous and elsewhere in the country a reluctance on the part of many voters to deprive a widely respected statesman of the honor of crowning his career by representing his country as a leading figure at a great historical ceremony might well cancel out their displeasure with the policies of his Ministry.

But the decision about the date of the election will be suspended for some weeks. It is the intention of Mr. Abbott to present the Federal Budget either at the end of February or in the first week of March and if there is evidence that the reductions of taxation, which it will certainly decree, have been large enough to evoke a wave of gratitude from the harassed taxpayers, then the advocates of an early appeal will tell the Prime Minister that there is "a tide in the affairs of men" which must be taken at the flood and that he must not miss the golden chance for another victory offered by a temporary upsurge of the Government's popularity.

IT SEEMS almost inexplicable why Mr. St. Laurent, when he decided that cognisance must be taken of the widespread popular distrust of Mr. Claxton's capacity to manage the program of defence with economical efficiency elected to choose as Associate Minister of National Defence Mr. Campney, the Solicitor-General whose experience of its problems is obviously meagre, instead of bringing back into the Cabinet Major Power, who was such an admirable Minister for Air during the Second World War.

Moreover not only is Major Power a very competent administrator, but in the House of Commons, of which he is now the "Father" he is in a class by himself as a polished parliamentary orator, whose combination of a true Liberal philosophy, wisdom and wit in his speeches no other member can match. Furthermore, his popularity with all parties was made crystal clear before the adjournment in December, when political friends and foes marked his completion of 35 years of membership of the House of Commons by vieing with one another in the warmth of their tributes to his services and virtues.

It may be that he had declined to be associated with Mr. Claxton in a subordinate capacity, but his restoration to authority in the Department of National Defence would have helped greatly to revive public confidence in it, and it would have been a guarantee that there would be no more of such literary excursions of General Simonds, the Army's Chief of Staff, beyond the proper sphere of his duties, as have exposed him to very severe editorial lectures by papers like the *Winnipeg Free Press* and *Montreal Gazette*.

THE House of Commons was at its best in an interesting non-partisan debate on January 21, initiated by a motion of Mr. Fulton for the appointment of a joint committee of both Houses for the purpose of studying the problem created by the growing volume of filthy literature now circulating freely in Canada and recommending legislation for coping with it. Mr. Fulton gave a lucid exposition of the gravity of the problem, about which all parties agreed, and thoughtful contributions to the debate were made by Mr. Knight, Mr. J. M. Macdonnell, Mr. Applethwaite and others, nearly all who supported the motion. The argument of Mr. Garson, the Minister of Justice, that the question of the obscenity of a publication cannot be decided fairly on abstractions or general definitions in a statute and that Section 207 of the Criminal Code provided reasonably effective checks upon the flood of obscene literature, was not very convincing but it sufficed to rally for the defeat of the motion all the Liberal party, except a handful of deserters who reinforced the solid votes of all the parties in opposition.

THE problem is extremely complicated and any special legislation, which tried to define obscenity would involve an extension of government powers of censorship, which are already dangerously excessive.

The true remedy lies in higher standards of education, which would improve literary tastes and a greater provision of wholesome literature for the young. According to Mr. Knight, British children have a great advantage over Canada's in this respect, and in the correspondence columns of the weekly *New Statesman*, British visitors to Russia recently testified that, while Russian children might be indoctrinated at an early age with the Communist faith, they were rigidly safeguarded from the influence of trashy comics and supplied with an abundance of good reading, including such old favorites of Anglo-Saxon children as the tales of Grimm and Hans Andersen and books like Huckleberry Finn.

CANADA'S FIRST BANK

"MY BANK"
TO A MILLION CANADIANS

B of M

BANK OF MONTREAL

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

AD109

Send for your FREE copy today

148 Illustrated Pages
20 pages in full color

● Presented by Canada's largest mail order seed and nursery house. You will enjoy this friendly and informative book, cover to cover. It describes nearly 2000 subjects for your garden including many new and special items like Hybrid Tomatoes, Hybrid Cucumbers, Hybrid Onions, Blue Leaf Arctic Hedge, Rosa Multiflora seed and plants, Multiflowered Sweet Peas, Astolat Pink Series Delphiniums, Dwarf Fruits, 6-in-1 Multiple Apples, new Soil Conditioners, Midget Vegetables for small gardens, and all the best in other vegetables, flower and houseplant seeds, plants, bulbs and supplies to make your 1953 garden the finest you have ever had. Send today.

24W

DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN . . . ONTARIO

THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

H. S. GOODERHAM, President
A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

BABSON'S

"Reports on Canadian Mines"

has a timely message for EVERY SPECULATOR AND TRADER in the current bulletin, entitled —

"TAKING PROFITS"

The study discusses, in detail, present feverish activity in the "penny" stocks and offers some sound advice to everyone—large or small—who is interested in this group of stocks.

This bulletin, plus our next two issues (published every other week) is available to you for the nominal cost of handling and mailing. Simply attach $2.00 to this form—fill in your name and address below, and return it to us immediately. The supply on hand is limited.

BABSON'S CANADIAN REPORTS, LIMITED
511 Harbour Commission Bldg. Toronto 1

Babson's Canadian Reports, Limited,
511 Harbour Commission Building,
Toronto 1, Ontario.

Dear Sirs:
Enclosed please find $2.00, for which please send me your TRIAL OFFER described above. Forward this material to:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY or TOWN ..... PROVINCE .....

Please PRINT Clearly SN1

CANADA'S TOP UNIONIST

Railway Workers' Labor Boss: Frank Hall

by Wilfred List

THE MOST POWERFUL, most highly paid, and unquestionably one of the ablest labor leaders in Canada is a man whose name until five years ago was virtually unknown to the Canadian public.

Today, the name Frank Hall is synonymous with the organized strength of 144,000 railway workers — members of 15 international and two national railway unions. They are the "non-ops"—men who do not actually run the trains, but without whom the trains cannot be operated. They include telegraphers, signalmen, shop craftsmen, freight handlers, clerks and laborers.

Hall's decision, backed by the union membership, can bring Canada's railways and communications to a halt — and that's exactly what happened for nine days in 1950. Through his own union, the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers and Express and Station Employees, Hall has the power to stop the flow of grain by shutting down the lakehead grain elevators where his members are employed.

Hall's power reaches into the country's seaports and lakeports. At a word from him, all the freight disgorged at Halifax, St. John, N.B., and Montreal would pile up and choke the ports. Steamship freight unloaded at the Great Lakes ports is also moved by members of his union.

While Hall is a power in Canadian transportation, his rise to fame is due in large measure to his successful battle, begun almost singlehandedly, to rid the country of the Communist-dominated Canadian Seamen's Union.

Not one to underestimate his own talents as a labor leader and skill as a negotiator, Hall nonethe-less is not given to boasting. But if anyone deserves the credit for the about-face by the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada in its tolerance of Communists within its midst, it is Frank Hall. For in forcing the reluctant TLC to expel the CSU, he brought about a reassessment by the congress executive of the TLC's position on Communism. From an attitude of "their politics isn't our business," the TLC made a full turn when it closed the doors at its annual conventions to anyone even suspected of Communist associations.

HE IS NO newcomer on the labor scene. At 59, he has 33 years in the labor movement behind him, 28 as Grand Vice President of the union, an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor.

Hall's main influence and power stem from his position as chairman of the general conference committee and joint negotiating committee for the 17 railway unions—a post to which he was elected in 1947.

An assessment of Hall explains why he sits at the head of the table when the railway union leaders gather to map strategy. He is keenly intelligent, quick-witted and has an incisive mind that quickly cuts through to the core of a problem. He is a master of tactics and strategy in negotiations, and has a marked ability to maintain a poker face even when confronted with a major crisis. When Hall plays his cards, the opposition finds it hard to guess what the card will be until he lays it on the table. Unlike some labor leaders, Hall shuns the emotional approach to bargaining; he has a practical mind and knows when to compromise and when to hold firm.

Hall's shrewdness and firmness have paid off in substantial benefits to the union members, but the gains for the workers have been costly to the railways and indirectly paid for by the public through higher freight rates. In 1948, just 15 hours from a strike deadline, the railway unions, both operating and non-operating groups, under Hall's leadership, won a 17 cent an hour increase —10 cents more than a conciliation board had recommended. The cost to the railways: $86,-000,000.

Two years later the unions won a cut in the work week from 48 to 40 hours without any reduction in pay, plus an increase of seven cents an hour. And last December came a new gain—an average of 16 cents an hour (about $40,000,000) and the Rand Formula compelling all those who hadn't joined the union (an estimated 16,000) to pay union dues.

—Capital Press Service

FRANK HALL

All these gains have given Hall undisputed leadership of the railway group. But it is not only because of the success of the union strategy that Hall has acquired leadership status. He is widely read, delves into philosophy, can be seen attending McGill discussions on the humanities, and has a facile command of English, which he uses in rapid-fire fashion. He can be coldly critical, abrupt and caustic when annoyed, but he does not lack a sense of humor.

Physically, he looks several years younger than his 59. He is of medium height, stands erect and walks with a casual but confident air. His hair line has made a far retreat in the past years. He looks more like a banker than a labor leader.

But above all he has the leadership qualities needed to hold together a body with such disparate interests as the group of 17 unions that range from unskilled workers to highly skilled machinists.

If Hall lacks anything of the characteristics inherent in a popular leader, it is a flair for appealing to and rousing the masses of workers, a quality that some lesser labor leaders have to a greater degree. Part of this may be due to the fact that Hall has an air of reserve. He seldom appeals to emotions or regales an audience with platitudes.

His environment and background have oriented him to a conventional approach to trade unionism. Hall is no social visionary. He leans to the concept of a trade union as a business organization operating on behalf of the workers, but within the existing economic and social structure. From his very beginning in the union he has concerned himself with immediate problems of wages, hours and working conditions and left others to deal with legislative matters. His philosophy can be summed up in his own words: "I don't see anything better than the basic economic system we now have. Nothing is workable over the long pull that destroys initiative and incentive. When they become stultified, we stop progressing."

TO HALL a union is a balance wheel in the economy to insure that the workers receive a fair share of the joint production of capital and labor. And the stronger the union, the more effectively it can do the job. He is opposed to government intervention in the affairs of unions or corporations, except to curtail abuses arising out of cartels or monopolies.

Hall has no ambition except to serve his union. He has turned down important jobs to continue in that role. The fealty and finesse with which he has worked have been recognized by his international, which has awarded him a salary of $17,-500 a year, making him the highest paid union official in Canada. His own union is the largest of the railway organizations on the continent, with a membership of 200,000, including 18,000 in Canada.

Hall joined the Brotherhood in 1919, when the union was in its infancy in Canada. He had been in the country only five years then, having come here as an immigrant of 20 from England. In Canada, he worked as a laborer until he got a job as a baggage checker with the CPR in Montreal. When the union made its appearance, he joined. His advance was rapid. A year after joining he was elected secretary of the System Committee of the Eastern Division of the CPR. The next year he became general chairman and four years later moved up to the top as Canadian vice-president of his union.

THE BROTHERHOOD had made its first organizational drive among employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Under Hall's direction the union turned to steamships, warehouses, terminal elevators and other miscellaneous enterprises.

When the union attempted to establish itself in the Canadian National Railways it clashed head on with the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees, then led by labor veteran A. R. Mosher. The CBRE was firmly entrenched in the CNR and for 25 years the two unions jostled and jockeyed with each other for members. It was a tribute to Hall's diplomacy that despite the objections of some of his associate unions, he opened the door to the CBRE to join the general conference committee and the joint negotiating committee of the international unions.

Hall's private life, or what he has of it in union

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

WILFRED LIST, *well-known writer on labor affairs, is a member of the editorial staff of the Toronto* Globe and Mail.

STOCK SELECTION

What Time Is It?

by W. P. Snead

WITH THE stock markets and the economy of this continent near the peaks of a boom of nearly 12 years' duration the current stressing of "growth potential" in stocks and industry appears oddly at variance with fact. When the capacity of the production machine has been doubled in these 12 years, giving us an output so great that both the demands of defence and the civilian economy are being met, this hardly seems the time to anticipate further growth of the industrial plant.

Every boom passes through an aging process that ends when the supply of goods has saturated the available demand. Despite the feverish pace of the "catch up" boom, resulting from last summer's steel strike, it appears that we have reached an advanced stage in the process. Inventories approach near record levels, commodity prices continue to decline and consumer credit stands at an all time high.

When we consider that the normal growth of years has been compressed into a short span of time under the pressure of defence demand and the artificial stimulant of Governmental tax policies the possibilities of overgrowth, such as we are witnessing in oil refining in the U.S., are apparent. "WHAT TIME IS IT in the business cycle?" becomes the big question now.

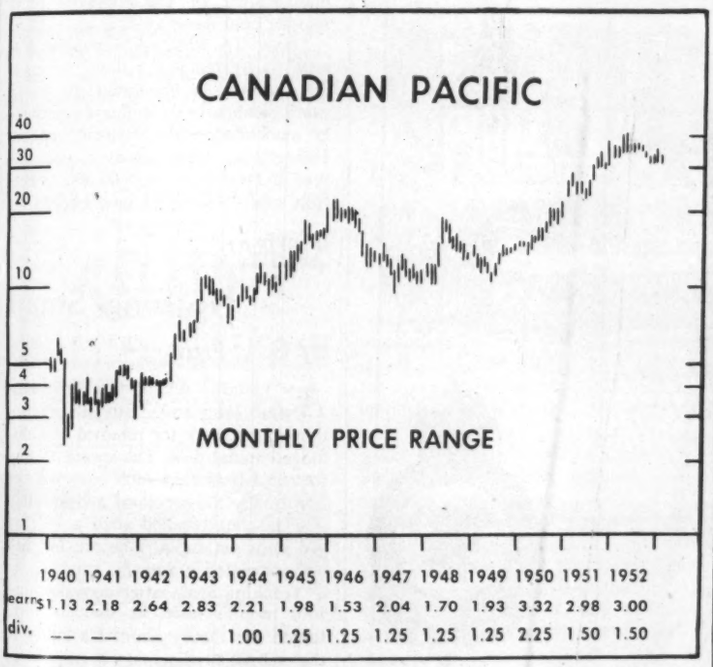
From the short term view, two major factors buoy the economy now: the optimism inspired by President Eisenhower's victory and the "catch up" boom. Confidence, never a durable factor, will be the primary determinant in business activity and stock prices. If confidence wanes, the boom, already being slowed by the brake of higher interest rates and the normal first quarter deflationary flow of taxes to the treasury, can lose momentum rapidly. Primary indications of this will be supplied by the stock market, and the sales figures of consumer durables, such as automobiles and television sets, will reflect consumer attitudes.

These short term forces need the perspective of the long term picture. Since 1941, when the dark outlook of the war sent stock prices to their lowest point in nearly two decades, both stock prices and production of goods have continued in a broad uptrend. The start of the Korean war cancelled the recessive forces evident in 1949 and also made the spending and taxing policies of Washington the controlling factors of the economy.

The election year of 1952 displayed how effective this control was. The "stretch out" of the rearmament program early in the year coupled with the forcing of earlier prepayment of corporate taxes forced inventory liquidation and considerable unemployment. Then the long deferred steel strike, with exquisite timing, provided the means for a pre-election "catch up" boom, which was accelerated by the removal of credit restrictions. Thus there is much that is artificial in the economic set-up.

Against such a background the use of "growth potential" as a criterion of stock selection for investment seems of doubtful value. The soundest of stocks are a poor investment at the wrong time, for capital losses can erase the dividend return of years ahead. When stock prices appreciate to the point where the dividend yield declines to the levels available in the highest grades of bonds, growth be-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19



Purchasers and Distributors of Government, Municipal and Corporation Securities

Enquiries Invited

A. E. Ames & Co.
Limited
Business Established 1889

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER VICTORIA CALGARY
LONDON OTTAWA HAMILTON KITCHENER OWEN SOUND
ST. CATHARINES QUEBEC NEW YORK BOSTON LONDON, ENG.

1952 — Record Year For Equitable Life

Balance Sheet, December 31, 1952

ASSETS

Head Office Premises	$ 25,000.00
Mortgages on Real Estate	18,830,558.67
Agreements for Sale	167,032.42
Loans on Policies	998,459.88
Bonds and Debentures (Book Value)	4,668,808.82
Stocks (Book Value)	74,250.06
Cash on Hand and in Banks	29,316.64
Interest Accrued	91,399.33
Premiums Due and Deferred (Net)	389,509.27
TOTAL ASSETS	$25,274,335.09

LIABILITIES

Policy and Annuity Reserves	$20,170,870.00
Provision for Unpaid and Unreported Claims	210,559.00
Amounts Left With the Company at Interest	1,172,047.00
Taxes, Expenses and Accounts Due and Accrued	77,664.75
Other Liabilities	388,036.76
Staff Pension Fund	314,822.00
Dividends Allotted to Policyholders	161,390.00
Asset Fluctuation Reserve	95,327.53
Investment and Contingency Reserves	950,000.00
CAPITAL PAID IN	327,155.00
SURPLUS	1,406,463.05
TOTAL LIABILITIES	$25,274,335.09

Assets increased by $1,391,008 . . . Policy Reserves higher by $1,136,716 . . . Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries $1,211,378 . . . New Business increased to $11,896,245 . . . Insurance in Force $91,879,948 . . . Gross Interest earned 5.01%

PROTECTION
THE EQUITABLE LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE — WATERLOO, ONTARIO

BALANCE SHEETS?

Easy, It's In The Book

by Stewart Treviranus

FINANCIAL REPORTS, like any other technical reports, assume that the reader has a certain amount of basic knowledge in their chosen field. After all, it is not the printed figure or word alone, but the whole collectively, which tells the story. Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, who have made a business of giving away free literature, have published a little masterpiece entitled "How to Read A Financial Report".

Henceforth anyone with a grasp of elementary arithmetic should be able to interpret even the most intricate balance sheet, including Mr. Abbott's annual effort. Merrill Lynch and associates have shown on the inside front and back covers the Consolidated Balance Sheet and the Consolidated Income & Earned Surplus of a mythical manufacturing company. In 23 pages they manage to explain financial terms, the meaning of every item commonly listed on balance sheets and finally what one can learn from it. The Net Book Value of Securities is treated in some detail as is the proportion of bonds to preferred and common stock. It shows how to find the bond, preferred stock and common stock ratios.

Because the balance sheet only represents the situation as it stood on one particular day, there follows an analysis of the income account. Simple arithmetic though, will quickly enlighten one as to the margin of profit, the operating ratio and thus the economic condition of our mythical company. At this point we discover whether we are dealing with a Low Risk—Low Return or High Risk—Speculative Return proposition; here 'Investors' and 'Speculators' separate.

From interest charges on bonds and earnings on common shares we progress to stock prices and markets.

Presently we come to the meat of the matter, as Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane put it: "Investigate *Then* Invest", the golden rule of investors. The reader is now an amateur investment analyst; amateur, because the publishers hasten to add a word of caution, namely "these other things" referred to at the very end of the book: The economy of the country, of the particular industry and the management of the company must also be considered.

"How To Read A Financial Report" is treated like a novel throughout and cleverly illustrated, dispersing every semblance of dullness commonly associated with financial reports. Henceforth, when asked if you can read a balance sheet, you can cheerfully reply: "Sure, it's in the book!"

INSURANCE

Nothing Small

by G. L. Pratt

AN Ontario school teacher underwent long and costly hospitalization and surgery for removal of a dislodged spinal disk. The specialist who operated held that such back injuries are usually the result of a heavy fall. The teacher recalled such a fall, on icy steps six months before but had not associated it with his trouble.

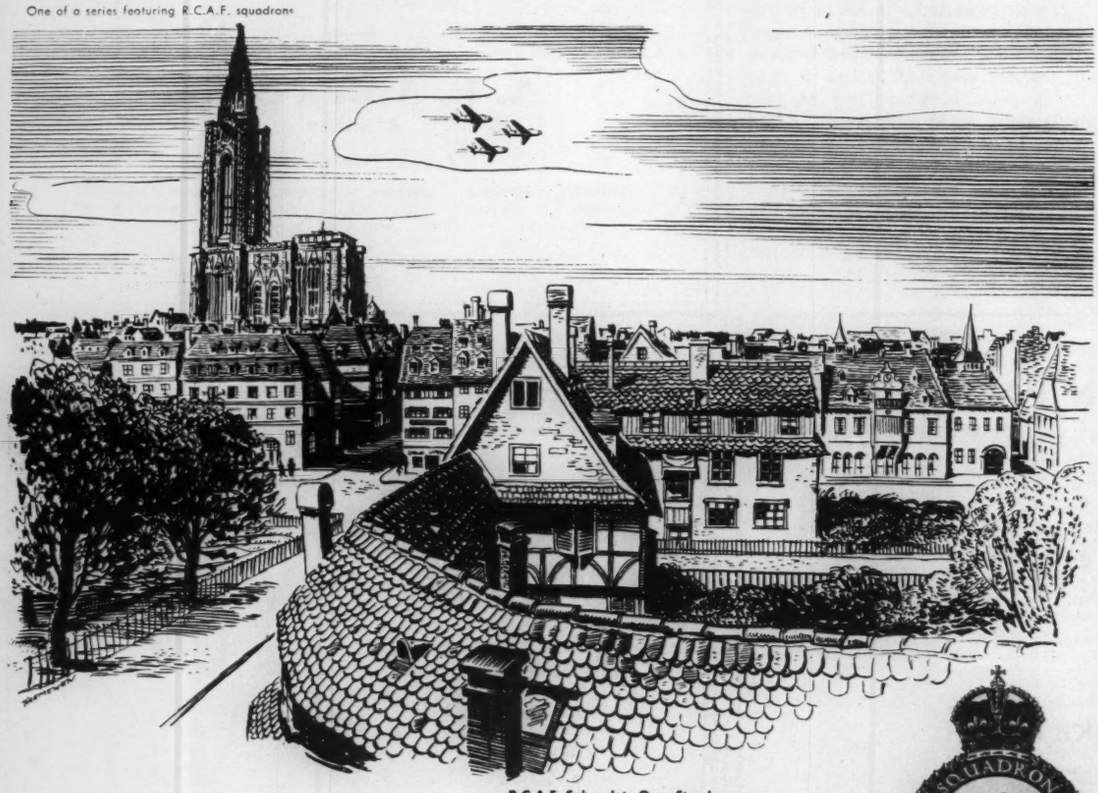
Teaching again after convalescence four months later, he casually mentioned the theory about his injury to the school's principal. It transpired that there had been a Liability policy in effect at the school when he took his tumble.

Under its contract, lapsed a year since, with no opportunity to form an opinion by first-hand observation of the case, the insurance company made a teacher happy with an ex gratia payment of $250.

Another story to show that insurance companies have a high sense of honor.

Pacific Coast timber concerns cover their log rafts against perils of the sea while in tow across the Strait of Georgia. This is accomplished by issuing an insurance certificate for each separate voyage. Heavy seas will sometimes break up and scatter immense rafts of which the insurance company has no knowledge prior to the loss. Many thousands of dollars in claims for loss and salvage of valuable logs are paid out under certificates issued after the loss has happened. There is nothing "small" in such dealings.

One of a series featuring R.C.A.F. squadrons



R.C.A.F. Sabre Jets Over Strasbourg.
Formed in England in 1942, the Red Indians are now part of the N.A.T.O. defence forces in France, where they contribute to the defence of freedom.

"Braves" of the sky...

Proudly bearing the motto "Bellicum Cecinere", meaning "They sounded the war trumpets" . . . this great Canadian squadron helped to clear the skies of Europe in the trying days of World War II.

Victory followed victory as the Red Indians went on the war path . . . establishing a reputation as one of the outstanding fighter units in the R.C.A.F.

Now stationed in France, today's Red Indian Squadron again stands ready. And ready too, are her planes — among hundreds built by Canadair . . . another Canadian contribution to the security of the world.

CANADAIR
LIMITED, MONTREAL

CANADAIR —
A Good Place to Work

Joseph E. Addy has worked at Canadair for eight years. "During that period of time" he says "I have enjoyed every moment of my work at Canadair. Working in an aircraft plant as well-equipped as this one makes work a pleasure."

Joseph is typical of the thousands of workers at Canadair who derive real satisfaction from working in aircraft... and who look upon Canadair as 'a good place to work'. CAS3-4T

Labor Boss: Frank Hall

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

service is spent with his wife in his west-end Montreal home. They have two sons and a daughter. One son teaches at the University of Texas Medical School at Galveston and another is taking post-graduate work in chemistry at McGill University. His daughter, who had her eye on a stage career, gave up dramatics when she succumbed, as Hall says, to marriage.

Hall's greatest achievement undoubtedly has been his ability to maintain the united front among the 17 unions dealing with the railways. This has required tact, diplomacy and an ability to reconcile the conflict of interests between some member unions.

While Hall's main tilts have been with the railways, none has been waged as fiercely as his battle against the Canadian Seamen's Union and the Trades and Labor Congress executive for harboring the Communist-led union. His fight against the CSU arose from activities by the seamen among his own members whom they were attempting to induce to walk out in sympathy with striking seamen. When CSU leaders broke up a meeting called by Hall at Fort William, he declared war on the union. Quickly he manoeuvered the merger of the company-tainted Canadian Lake Seamen's Union, led by ex-Communist J. A. (Pat) Sullivan and the tough AFL Seafarers' International Union, and demanded that the TLC expel the CSU, which was then engaged in a deep sea strike.

The eventual expulsion of the CSU cleared the way for cutting Communists and suspected Communists from the ranks of delegates to TLC conventions. The Congress policy on Communism had come the full turn.

A sequel to the CSU-SIU fight has never before been disclosed. Although Hall fathered the entry of the SIU into Canada, his relations with SIU leader Banks have cooled. His change of heart about the SIU undoubtedly lies in his concern over charges made by SIU members about the autocratic way the union is operated. One of the most serious charges is that men have been arbitrarily blacklisted, thus denying them the right to work.

What Time is it?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

comes of secondary importance to the safety of capital and regularity of income.

In the broad sweep of markets from undervaluation to overvaluation, a point of transition is reached where investment becomes speculation. Timing, the most difficult factor of all, is the master factor in all market calculations and when to buy far outweighs what to buy.

Let us take the stock of Canadian Pacific for a concrete example. No one will question its growth with Canada. CP is one of Canada's key stocks; its business activities furnish a sensitive barometer of the changes in our economic picture and the price action of the stock on the world's leading exchanges reflects world investment opinion.

The chart shows the wide price fluctuations that have occurred since the 1940 low of 3 was recorded. This low marked the termination of an 11-year trend from the 1929 high of 66¼. As rail traffic expanded under the pressure of war, gross earnings improved and those who bought the stock expecting a resumption of dividends were rewarded for their foresight by a dividend declaration in 1944 and a broad advance to the 1946 high of 24⅝. Discounting of a post-war drop in earnings brought the price back to a low of 11½ where a yield of 12 per cent provoked investment buying. 1948 saw a swing to 21¾, where the yield fell to 6 per cent, and a 100 per cent retreat to the 1949 low of 11⅛.

The western oil discoveries helped spark the advance to the 1952 high of 40 at the April peak of the speculative oil boom and the following decline brought the price back to a low of 30 last November. Since then the price has rebounded to 34 and dropped again to a recent low of 31. This action makes CP one of the most notable laggards in the New York Rail market where the Dow-Jones rail average has been lifted to a 21-year high of 112.53.

The current outlook for the Company is not too favorable, except for the speculative oil factor. The decline in earnings from the important subsidiaries of steamships and Consolidated Smelters places the emphasis for earnings upon the railroad property. Volume of traffic is the most important factor in rail earnings, for costs are relatively fixed and will tend to move higher upon settlement of the current wage dispute.

With the current yield (at 31) of 4.8 per cent a bare point above the 3.85 per cent return offered by the latest Government bond issue we must place the stock in a speculative or high risk category. Scrutiny of the chart will show that a broad "shelf of supply" exists above 34 and a top of no mean proportions has been formed over the last year.

The technical analysis of the chart indicates an advance beyond 34 is a doubtful possibility while penetration of the recent low of 30 would offer down objectives of 26 and 18. Thus we consider IT IS TIME to use recoveries to switch into bonds until the long term growth factors can be again bought at a discount.

War Flashback

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

field behind us. As they moved past us the men were talking and smoking and cursing the weight of their equipment. The comrades in our own company shouted at Karpish and me, calling us gold bricks and slackers. We shouted back at them, wishing them good luck and warning them to keep their heads down. There was no singing in the ranks, for our outfit had no particular songs of its own, and anyhow we were not addicted to singing on the march.

My feelings as I watched the battalion pass were a mixture of guilt, loneliness and gladness. I felt guilty that they should be going into the attack without me, and lonely as I caught momentary glimpses of my friends marching away and leaving me behind. But above all else I still felt glad that this would be one attack I would miss.

After the battalion had gone Karpish and I sat on the pile of duffel and I rolled him a cigarette. From down the road came the unmistakable sound of another battalion approaching us. Above the tramp of feet on the earthen roadway we could hear the men singing, although the tune of their song was new to us, and strangely different from the one we had been listening to for the past half hour.

"What outfit is this?" Karpish asked me.

"It must be the English Battalion," I answered. "They're the only one still to come."

"What the hell tune is that they're singing?" he asked. "It sounds like a hymn to me."

The first company came around a

MILES DON'T MATTER
DRIVE YOURSELF

No Mileage Charge
No Mileage Limit

HH
MORSERVICE · ALDERSHOT

20% Discount Nov. to March

HASLEMERE HIRE-CARS
Morris House (Dept.M.8) Aldershot, England
RAC Telegrams: Morservice, Aldershot, England AA
Special rebates for long period hire
CARS AVAILABLE ON THE CONTINENT

By Appointment
Gin Distillers to the late King George VI
Booth's Distilleries Limited

BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
Finest
DRY GIN
Definitely Superior!
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND

92-2

Young kangaroos depend on mother's pouch for protection . . . far seeing people depend on insurance. Don't let your clients risk loss through inadequate Fire and Casualty insurance. See that they have complete protection.

The CANADIAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
The CANADIAN INDEMNITY CO.
HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

ALUMINIUM LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

On January 21st, 1953, a quarterly dividend of Fifty Cents per share in U.S. currency was declared on the no par value shares of this Company, payable March 5th, 1953 to shareholders of record at the close of business February 2nd, 1953.

Montreal JAMES A. DULLEA
January 21st, 1953 Secretary

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 262

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Monday, the second day of March next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of January, 1953.

By order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., January 20, 1953.

STUDY AT HOME FOR A DEGREE

Postal courses for London University Degrees B.A., B.Sc., B.D., B.Sc. Econ. Postal courses for London University record of over 12,500 successes. Fees moderate. Information from Dept. OS-30.

WOLSEY HALL, HAMILTON, ONT.

EATON'S

A New Line IN PRINT, slender and simple, gently draped to the side with a sudden swoosh of bow as an exclamation mark. A charming example of the fascinating new prints for Spring, at Eaton's.

EATON'S—CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

bend in the sunken road, and I recognized the tune; it *was* a hymn, which I remembered from my Sunday-school days. It was *Holy, Holy, Holy*.

Soon the first files were abreast of us, and I could make out the words they were singing. They sent shivers up my spine, and brought the tears to the corners of my eyes. Something happened to me then that all the Communist propaganda and all the Communist songs had been unable to bring about; I felt a warmth towards these unseen men marching past me through the darkness, and knew that I had to go where they were going. I could pick out the various accents of the singers: the Cockney, Scots, Welsh, Lancashire, and the broad West Country voices. They rose from the ranks of marching men and hung in the air, the words clear and resonant against the darkness. Theirs was no Communist revolutionary song; there was no vain promise of valor or hate or self-abasement in their words. Although most of them were Communists now, they were Englishmen first, and their marching song held all the wry humor and good-natured gripes that British troops had been singing since Agincourt and beyond: at Crécy, Waterloo, Balaklava, Bloemfontein, The Somme . . .

What they were singing was:

Hiking, hiking, hiking,
Always bloody well hiking—
Hiking in the morning,
Hiking in the ni-i-ight!
Hiking, hiking, hiking,
Always bloody well hiking—
Lord send the day when we'll
Bloody well hike no more!

I began to peel the bandages from my feet.

"What's the idea?" Karpish asked.

"I'm going up to the line," I said.

"Why?"

"I feel like it, that's all," I said. "Those guys are my own people. They're Englishmen." I began banging him on the shoulder. "They're Englishmen like me!" I said.

"You're crazy," Karpish said. "When did you get this crazy idea?"

"Right now," I answered, as I threw away the bandages and pulled on my socks and boots.

"But you can't go like this; you've been left behind to look after the baggage," he said.

"You look after it."

"That's your trouble," he went on as I picked up my rifle and ammunition bandolier, "you have no Party discipline."

"*No pasaran*, Karpish!" I shouted as I ran to catch up with the column, and I began to laugh.

I caught up to my own outfit during the night, and we went over in the third wave of the attack the next morning. There were plenty of times in the next few days that I cursed myself for being a sentimental fool, and wished that I were back at the bivouac looking after the baggage. But now I knew what I was and to what I owed allegiance. I still believed in our cause in Spain, and in the rights of the working class, but the Communists had lost me forever, and England had regained a prodigal native son.

LIGHTER SIDE

An Interim Report

by Mary Lowrey Ross

(Being a report on the Open Forum Meeting of the Ladies' Wednesday Club, with Mrs. Horace Uffington, Convenor of the Current Events Committee, in charge of discussion.)

THIS afternoon, Ladies, we are to discuss the Currie Report, and I hope to be able to clear up a number of points that may have seemed obscure or confused to any members who have been attempting to follow the subject in the daily press. For this reason I have called for written questions which I shall read and answer in the order of submission.

Mrs. Flummerfeldt wishes to know, who stole the General's chiffrobe?

Unfortunately, Mrs. Flummerfeldt doesn't make her question very clear. To which General does she refer? General Currie? General Simonds? General Vokes? General Currie was active, I believe in World War I, and must not be confused with Colonel, later Chartered Accountant Currie, who is responsible for the Currie Report. General Simonds is the one who wrote the controversial article in the Canadian Army Journal and was subsequently accused of attempting to dictate policy to the Government and push the Canadian people around.

As for General Vokes, he is the officer whose little boy was presented with a hobby-horse made by a Canadian soldier. As I understand it the nails and wood were obtained from the Engineer Works Detachment, while a civilian milk-horse contributed the tail, and for the saddle Mrs. Vokes supplied the sheepskin inner lining of an old coat. I believe the General paid $9.25 into the Public Treasury for this horse and this I think clears him of any suspicion of attempting to dictate government policy or push the Canadian people around. In any case the political cloud resting on General Vokes appears to have a silver lining, or at any rate a good used lambskin one. (Laughter.) Does this answer your question Mrs. Flummerfeldt? If so, we will proceed to the next question.

The handwriting is a little difficult here but as far as I can make out Mrs. Bottomly would like to know why the Government brought in an amendment to its own motion to investigate defence expenditures and then threw out a Conservative subamendment which tried to strike out the Government's amendment.

This is an excellent question, as well as a very good example of the type of parliamentary ruling which not only keeps public debate from deteriorating to the level of street corner argument but is invaluable when it becomes necessary to confuse everybody, including the Speaker. I am referring of course to the Speaker of the House and not to the present speaker who would like at this point to bring out a special priority motion asking that all questions be submitted in block letters. Any seconders? Yes, Mrs. Flummerfeldt?

I am sorry, Mrs. Flummerfeldt, but I have no information regarding the question of who stole the General's chiffrobe. Since Mrs. Flummerfeldt appears to be the only one having any information on this subject I can only hope and trust it was not Mrs. Flummerfeldt. (Laughter.)

In the meantime we must all try to keep a sense of proportion and realize that the theft of the General's chiffrobe, if it occurred, is hardly a matter of great importance, when you consider that, according to the member from Cariboo an entire building, including a public jail and contents, was stolen overnight and has never been recovered. It is only fair to add that this theft did not occur at Petawawa. If this answers your question, Mrs. Flummerfeldt, we will pass on to a question submitted by Mrs. K. Updyke, "Who stole the Currie Report?"

This is an extremely important issue but before answering the question I should like to point out that it is unfair to criticize the Government for not surrounding the Currie Report with a special guard and a wire enclosure, since this would have imposed heavy expenses both on the Government and on the tax-payer. As to who stole the Currie Report it is quite clear that it was not C.C.F. Leader Coldwell, who was hospitalized during this period, though it may have been someone with a similar name. . .

Mrs. Flummerfeldt? I am sorry, but unless you can produce some printed evidence relating to the theft of the General's chiffrobe it will be necessary to declare you out of order. In the meantime I have a very interesting communication from Mrs. J. Butterfield who suggests that the horses were put on the pay-roll on the same principle that the roomer put the horse in the bath-room.

"Isn't it possible," Mrs. Butterfield asks, "that the Government put horses on the pay-roll merely in order to be able to say when the time came, 'I know. I put them there?' "

Unfortunately this interesting conjecture is not supported by the Prime Minister who denies emphatically that there was any horse in the bath-room, pardon me, on the pay-roll.

Mrs. Butterick asks what will be the political and international effect of Mrs. Eisenhower's bangs? This is a good question but unfortunately does not fall into today's agenda. Yes, Mrs. Flummerfeldt?

Will someone *please* put a motion declaring Mrs. Flummerfeldt permanently out of order?

How Pathfinder Magazine says:

You CAN DISCOVER THE SECRET OF LOW COST TRAVEL

from an article in the bi-weekly news magazine, THE PATHFINDER:

Dream trips you can afford:

ROUND THE WORLD FOR $478

THE LITTLE Tyrhennia Line steamer *Olbia* takes a couple of days to butt through the Mediterranean, from Genoa via Leghorn to brigand-riddled Corsica. If you're aboard, don't stay up late watching the wild mountain dances of Ligurian peasants on the steerage deck. For you must be on deck at dawn — while you pass the lone island of Capraia, with salt-blown Elba to the south— to watch for the high Corsican peaks to show above the horizon.

At $6.50 (including five full meals), the *Olbia's* voyage is a fair example of dream trips you can afford. And there are others —colorful journeys to exotic lands that often cost little more than your vacation at home. Trade your usual beach for a houseboat in the Vale of Kashmir, or a cruise among the lesser Caribbean islands by native trading schooner.

You can travel clear around the world— to South Seas coral isles and the misty lakes of New Zealand, to Australia and the plains of Africa, to Europe's leisurely antiquity — for just $478 in fares. That long steamer jaunt can be duplicated in ten days by plane for $1,700, but where's the fun?

Last year, 52 million Americans spent a record of $12 billion on vacations. Many went on organized cruises at prices from $125 to $25,000. But some traveled off the tourist track, got cheaper and more glamorous vacations.

JUST REMEMBER

● ● *Bargain paradises get that way because they haven't been discovered by tourist mobs. They're harder to find and to reach — but more rewarding.*

● ● *Chromed ocean liners and international hotels are America transplanted. For fun at budget prices, go by freighter and stay at pensions.*

● ● *Make your longest hop from Europe, not directly from the U.S. Currency differentials and lower European rates can save up to 50%.*

● ● *Don't go unless you're ready to plan well ahead and to shop for travel bargains.*

Here is a sampling of dream trips

Round the World. Every 2 months a Shaw Savill Line vessel leaves London for Curacao, Panama, and New Zealand. Cross the Pacific, change at Wellington for another SSL ship going west via Australia and South Africa back to England. Minimum fare $478 — but the trip is usually booked up 15 months in advance. (Reach London for about $175 from New York.) Other round the world trips as low as $250-$300 a month from Canada and the U.S. via deluxe freighters.

India. Minimum fare from New York to Ceylon, India, or Malaya is about $350. Transhipping in England, you can make the trip by luxury liner (tourist class) for $319. Go to the lotus-covered mountain lakes of Kashmir, where a furnished houseboat with four turbanned servants rents for $70 a month. Total costs for a couple run around $175 a month — in the most beautiful spot on earth.

South Seas. You can still live the life of a Tahitian beachcomber—but not in Tahiti, which has found out about the Yankee dollar. Instead, drowse on brilliant Sigatoka Beach at Suva or watch Pacific combers crash on reef-girt Norfolk or Lord Howe Islands. (You can reach the South Seas by freighter from the U.S.)

Africa. Perhaps the biggest travel bargain today is an 80-day luxury cruise around the Dark Continent, calling at a score of colorful ports like Dar-es-Salaam, for $700, round trip from Amsterdam. (You can reach Holland for $165 from the U.S.)

Mediterranean. A two-week cruise to Malta, Naples, Casablanca, and Lisbon starts as low as $92, round trip from London. But try a longer stay — in the lush valleys of Mount Olympus on Cyprus, where a couple can live comfortably for $1,400 a year; on Aegean islands that hide remnants of a 5,000-year-old civilization among olive and cork groves; or with the fisherfolk of rocky Sardinia, where hotel rates are 24c a day or $1.12 with three good meals.

CARIBBEAN. There are still undiscovered Edens at America's back door. Tobago, the Robinson Crusoe island that rivals Tahiti, where living is so cheap the island's chief official gets only $240 a month. Or Grenada, which, as a native described it: "Dis islan', suh, is t'ing Gahd mek from rainbo'." There, for $12 a week, you can rent a three-bedroom house with its own private beach. Many of the best spots can be reached only by trading schooner. Go down to the waterfront at Grenada or elsewhere and bargain with dusky skippers to make your own price — keep this up and cruise all the lesser islands of this jeweled chain.

Atlantic Islands. Green cones standing out of the sparkling waters of the South Atlantic — these are the Azores and the Canaries. Tropical flowers, sandy beaches, and the charm of old Spain are combined here — with rents of about $20 a month, groceries for a couple at $10 a week and servants $5 a month each.

The vagabond voyager with a fistful of dreams can get aids to planning from these 2 guides:

BARGAIN PARADISES OF THE WORLD.

This is a book on how to double what your money can buy. For that is what spending a few weeks or months, or even retiring, in the world's Bargain Paradises amounts to.

Throughout, you learn where to spend a while in the West Indies, Central and South America, the healthful islands of the South Seas, the wonderlands of New Zealand, the Balearic Islands, the Canaries, Madeira, etc.

You read about "Lands of Eternal Springtime," "Californias Abroad," "Islands in the Wind," "Four Modern Shangri-Las," about mountain hideaways, tropical islands as colorful as Tahiti but nearer home, about modern cities where you can live for less, about quiet country lanes and surf-washed coastal resorts.

About 100 photos, 4 maps. Price $1.50.

TRAVEL ROUTES AROUND THE WORLD.

With this book you can stop saying that travel is too expensive. Passenger-carrying freighters do offer you a way to see the world for as little as you'd spend at a resort. And what accommodations you get — large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food, plenty of relaxation as your ship speeds from port to port.

Trips to Rio and Buenos Aires, to the West Indies, between California and New York, out to Hawaii — trips to almost everywhere — are within your means.

There are round the world voyages and shorter trips too. Fast, uncrowded voyages to England, France, the Mediterranean; two or three week vacations to the West Indies or down the Pacific Coast.

This book names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. It includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, England, France, Scandinavia, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Near East, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. It's yours for $1.

To get these books, fill in coupon below:

To Harian Publications, 46 Adams Blvd.
Greenlawn (Long Island), New York

I have enclosed $..... in Canadian funds (cash, check, or money order). Please send me the books checked below:

☐ BARGAIN PARADISES OF THE WORLD $1.50

☐ TRAVEL ROUTES AROUND THE WORLD ..... $1.

☐ *Special offer: both books above* ($2.50 *value*) *for* $2.

You will refund my money if I am not satisfied.

Print name .....

Address .....

City & Prov. .....

BUY YOUR NEW BOOKS
FROM
BURNILL'S
BOOKSHOP
100 YONGE ST., TORONTO
Mail Orders over $5.00 Postpaid

Enjoy 18th Century Hospitality
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA
Come to restored Williamsburg and discover what life was like in colonial days. See the magnificent Governor's Palace . . . Visit the Capitol by candlelight . . . Stroll through picturesque gardens . . . Dine in the colonial manner at Kings' Arms Tavern. Fine lodgings in modern hotels. Golf and tennis.
Williamsburg Lodge & Taverns
Double from $6.00
Williamsburg Inn & Cottages
Double from $10.00
For information: write direct, see travel agent, or Williamsburg Reservation Office, 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Telephone CIrcle 6-8896.

BOOKS

Do You Eat, or Basely Feed?

by Robertson Davies

CONSIDERING how many excellent cookery books are published, it might be thought remarkable that so much bad food continues to be served in restaurants and private houses. To be a great cook, like being a genius of any kind, requires uncommon gifts, but to be a good cook requires only ambition and application. There are so many first-rate guides to good cookery now that a man or woman who wants to cook well has only to choose half a dozen which appeal to him, study them carefully, and practise, practise, practise. Why, then, so much bad cooking?

Many people are discouraged by the legend that good cooking is deeply mysterious, and can only be learned from another cook. It is true that good instruction is valuable, but it is nonetheless true that cooking can be self-taught, and without comic misadventures with stoney muffins and scorched meat. Modern books of cookery give full instructions about method and kitchen practice, and the beginner who reads his book before he sets to work, and keeps his nose in his book as he works, will not go far astray. But it is not lack of instruction which makes so many bad cooks; it is laziness, lack of interest in food, and a basic ignorance of what good food is really like. Some training in taste is necessary, and this can also be learned, in part, from a book—from such a book, for instance, as "The Ambitious Cook", by Frances Dale.

This admirable volume is a companion to her earlier work "The Practical Cook"; in that she told the beginner how to set to work and develop good kitchen habits, and in this book she tells what can be done in an ordinary kitchen, without assistance, by the cook-housewife. The reader is warned, by the way, that measurements and stove-heats are in English terms, but they are easily translated for Canadian use.

HER BOOK will be of no use to a woman who does not want to feed her family well, or who seeks only a few more wretched little cakes to serve with drugstore ice-cream. The writer once knew such a woman, who thought herself a good cook, and whose husband attended a weekly meeting of a service club. After each of these meetings she would question him thus: "What was your meat'n potatoes? What was your pie?" No one who thinks of food solely in terms of meat'n potatoes and pie should read "The Ambitious Cook"; it is not for them. But neither is it only for gourmets; it is for people who, realizing that food is a necessity, are determined to make necessity a virtue.

Gourmets and gastronomes can be very tiresome. They make gods of their bellies, and they talk and write of food in an obscure vocabulary as foolish as that employed by the wine snobs. But we Canadians are far removed from any danger of gastronomical affectation; we are, in the main, coarse feeders. We have a pitiable dependence on the sugar bowl and the pickle jar. We can go all the way with Mrs. Dale without danger.

The writer realizes, of course, that this is heresy, and may lead to his being investigated by the RCMP. Did not Mr. Yousuf Karsh recently find himself in hot water because he dared to say that some meals he had eaten in the Maritimes were less than ambrosial? But truth is great, and will prevail: perhaps 85 per cent of the total tonnage of food consumed in this great Dominion every day is miserable stuff, and much of it is prepared by clumsy assassins and slow poisoners disguised as wives and mothers. They are the sort of people who think that a gastronome is a little machine which goes tick-tock while children practise on the piano. Let them read Mrs. Dale's books, and repent of their wickedness.

NOT EVERYONE writes so well as she does on the subject of food. Mr. Idwal Jones, for instance, in his cookery-book-novel "Chef's Holiday", falls into several of the pitfalls which lie in the path of the gastronomical author. His book is about a gifted chef who shuts his restaurant and goes to a seaport to pick up a couple of lions, to deliver them to a circus proprietor; as he travels he samples a great deal of good food, full directions for the preparation of which are given. The idea is a good one, but Mr. Jones exults about good food in a manner which is slightly greedy. Important as good food is, it is not the chief end of man, and the intemperate food-glorifier can be as irksome as the wine-glorifier.

Also, because he is writing about Frenchmen, he permits himself to use French expressions translated into English. "That imports nothing", his people are apt to say, and he writes with a straight face such Gallicized English as, "Fortunate it was to dwell near Coulomb and the inn of Monsieur Dupart with its honest faring". Mingling one language with another is as great a sin as smothering a fine omelette with commercial tomato ketchup. The present writer and Mr. Jones are both of the same racial origin, but I would not make that an excuse to say to him "There's silly you are, Mr. Jones the gastronome".

Writers in English must pay proper homage to the genius of English prose; what avails it to have good taste in food, if one writes like a barbarian? His book is good when it deals with the facts of cookery, but otherwise it is marred by a bad style.

LET US RETURN to Mrs. Dale. Her book is plainly labelled for ambitious cooks, and it will be a dull reader who is not stirred to ambition by reading her pages. She writes in England, where the ingredients for good cooking are not so easily found as they are here, and she writes specifically for women who have no servants to do the preparation and clearing up. But, as she points out, the modern servantless housewife has countless labor-saving devices and food preparations which were unknown to her mother and undreamed of by her grandmother.

There is no way of taking the work out of cooking; therefore it is surely best to take care that the necessary work has a fine result. She explains many methods which prevent needless work, but she does not pretend that cooking is not demanding, as is all artistic creation. For a fine cook is certainly an artist. Like the actor, his triumphs are fleeting and his magic dies with him, but he gives delight to many, and is truly a bulwark of civilization.

ALTHOUGH MRS. DALE addresses herself to women, amateur male chefs will find much to please them in her book. The male cook in the modern household usually takes over one or two meals in the week, and at parties he likes to show his skill in special dishes. Because he does not have to plan and serve twenty-four meals a week he likes to spread himself. Mrs. Dale will show him how to employ the squeeze-bag, the confectioner's brush, the angelica, the mould, and other fancy implements of the craft. She will teach him to doll up a whole fish with aspic and savory butters; she will teach him to make a domed, striped trifle which will persuade his most Philistine friends that confectionery is, after all, the mother of architecture; she will encourage him to puddle gloriously in the kitchen.

And this is all to the good, for the more men know about cookery, the less patient they will be with imposture at clubs and restaurants, and the sooner embalmed chicken and ice cream will cease to be the standard Canadian "banquet" menu. For we live in a land of plenty, and it is high time we learned to cook.

THE AMBITIOUS COOK — by Frances Dale, pp. 416, illustrated and indexed — *Longmans Green*—$6.00.

CHEF'S HOLIDAY—by Idwal Jones, pp. 210, illustrated—*Longmans Green*—$3.50.

In Brief

by T.J.A.

THE RUHR—by Norman J. G. Pounds—Copp Clark, pp. 283—$5.25.

THE RUHR industrial area is small. From Duisburg in the west to Dortmund in the east is only 33 miles. The southern limits in the Ruhr River valley are less than 15 miles from the northern fringe. Yet this area contains a population of 3,800,000. Its coal production is 20 per cent of the total European output. It has produced 13 million tons of iron and over 15 million tons of steel a year. Its coke, coal and steel capacity give the Ruhr an exceptional position in the economy of Europe. Its importance is enhanced by the absolute dependence on it of neighboring countries. Economic importance has brought with it an extraordinary political significance.

This study in historical and economic geography by the Professor of Geography at Indiana University is both technical and general. Professor Pounds examines the area in the beginning, middle and end of the nineteenth century, to set the background for his thesis on the Ruhr in this century. He says that "it is wrong to visualize the Ruhr as a vast arsenal", and in this agrees with J. M. Keynes's statement that "The German Empire has been built more truly on coal and iron than on blood and iron." The Ruhr gives Germany power to make war but the author finds that the Ruhr industrialists—with the possible exception of the Krupps — did not originate, welcome or promote the militaristic policies of the Kaiser's or Hitler's Germany.

In a century the branches of the Ruhr's industrial organization have become "so integrated that to interfere with one is to reduce the efficiency of all". Any political arrangement which limits production and export "is injuring the economic well-being not only of Germany but also of the rest of Europe" . . . An authoritative textbook of timely, general interest. The Schuman plan to control ownership and pool production is given surprisingly little attention.

FILMS

American Conscience

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THE MORAL aspect of the bombing of Hiroshima is a topic requiring the cagiest possible handling. It is a particularly difficult one for Hollywood, which has a tendency to become all thumbs when dealing with moral issues on an international scale.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that in making "Above and Beyond", the story of the atom-bombing of Japan in 1945, the producers took refuge in the domestic relationships between Colonel and Mrs. Paul Tibbets and ducked as far as possible the troubling problem of the relationship between the atom bomb and the American conscience.

It couldn't be evaded entirely, however. Early in the picture Colonel Tibbets (Robert Taylor) is summoned by his superior officer, presented with an improvised push-button, and faced without warning by the problem: If you know that by pressing this button you could end the war, even if it meant the sacrifice of a Japanese city, what would you do?

Colonel Tibbets hesitates just long enough to indicate that he is a man of judgment. Then to prove he is a man of decision he presses the button. But five minutes later he pauses in the corridor to consider his decision, and the camera and action halt with him. "My God!" the Colonel murmurs.

"My God" is an expression that Hollywood has never been allowed to use loosely. It is doubtful if even the most vigilant board of censors would question its appropriateness here.

THE EARLY PART of "Above and Beyond" describes Colonel Tibbets' efforts to assemble, test and train the special group of men engaged in Operation Silverplate, an assignment which was to culminate in the Hiroshima bombing. The title of the film may be taken as indicating the degree to which Tibbets' courage and resolution carried him beyond his strictly military obligations. Unfortunately, however, the emphasis is soon switched to the Colonel's domestic problem and the mental anguish suffered by Mrs. Tibbets (Eleanor Parker) before her husband's stony reticence about the nature of his job. After that it didn't take long for the screen writers to persuade themselves that Mrs. Tibbets' decision to quit Wendover Field and the Colonel counted for a good deal more with the movie public than the Colonel's decision to bomb Hiroshima.

Possibly the makers of "Above and Beyond" felt that all this domestic

The 66th Annual Report

A RECORD OF SERVICE

to Policyholders

How will she get along?

She is a widow but the income provided by her husband's insurance with The Manufacturers Life removes the question mark from her future.

$8,848,001 was paid in 1952 to the families of those who died.

Will they be dependent on their children?

Earning days are over but they are independent—carefree because they saved systematically with The Manufacturers Life.

$17,984,397 was paid in 1952 to living policyholders.

Will he sleep well tonight?

Peace of mind is his because The Manufacturers Life guarantees an income to his loved ones if he dies—to himself if he lives to retire.

Over 35,000 clients purchased new insurance totalling $213,567,851 in 1952.

$1,591,333,573 insurance and retirement protection now in force.

$491,856,026 is securely invested to guarantee payment of benefits.

THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE (Established 1887) TORONTO, CANADA

7-53

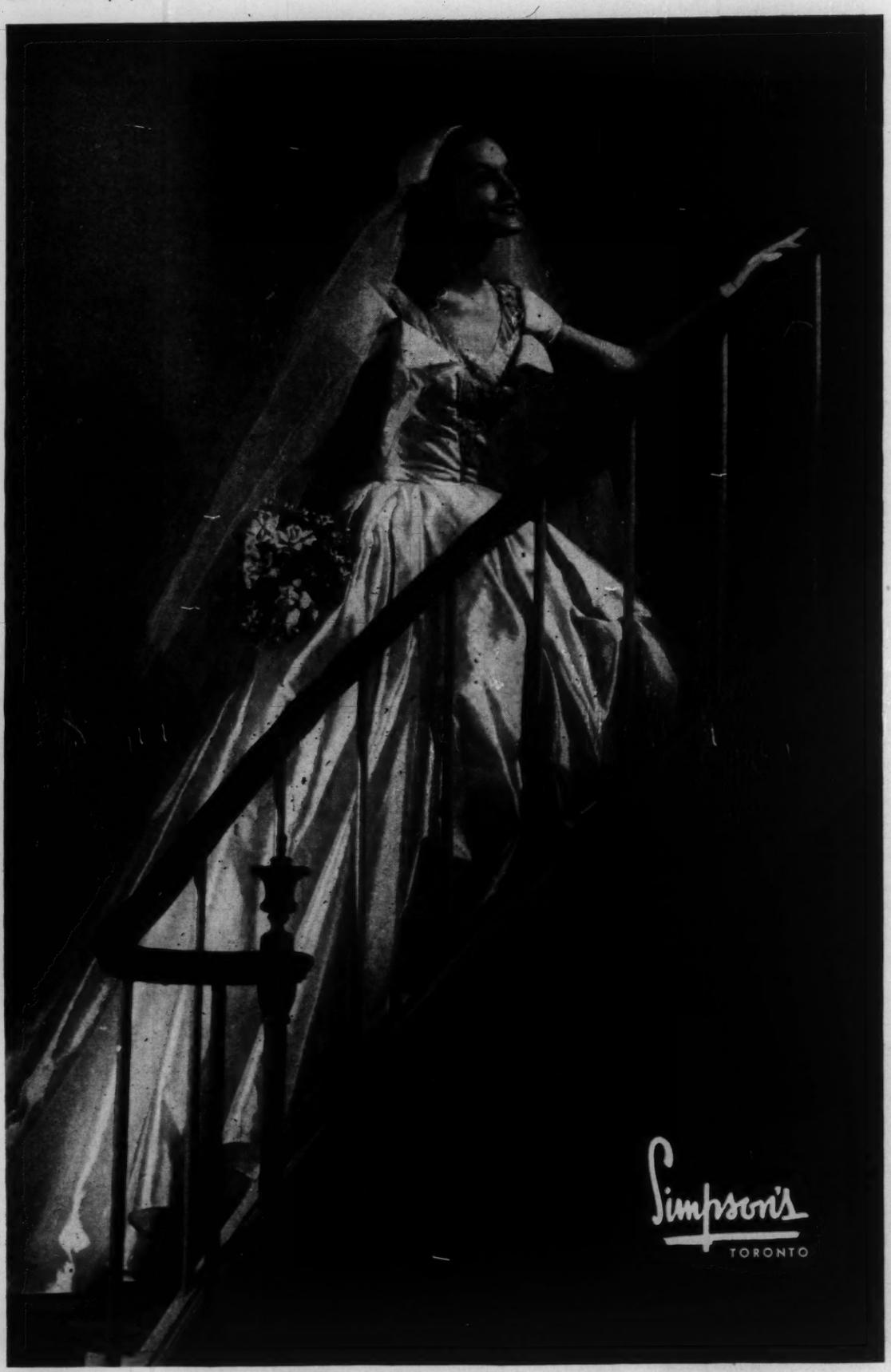
Modern Air-Conditioned Chapel

FRED. W. MATTHEWS CO. LTD

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

665-9 SPADINA AVE. (NEAR BLOOR ST.)

KINGSDALE 2101-2102



Lyrical loveliness of a wedding in the Spring is in whispered rustling of white wine bombazine over peach-blossom net . . . delicate tracery of jewelled bodice . . . created in our own Bridal Custom Salon, Fashion Floor, The Third.

If **you** are to be a Spring bride . . . let Simpson's Bride's Counsel help you with your planning . . . take care of the many details that will make your wedding day a tribute to your loveliness. This wise guidance to the bride is yours upon request.

SIMPSON'S STORES AND ORDER OFFICES SERVE CANADIANS FROM COAST TO COAST

nonsense was necessary if the audience was to be diverted from the disquieting problems that the atomic bomb has created for the American conscience. If so, they defeated their own intention in the final sequence, with its newsreel shots of that appalling mushroom shape billowing upwards and then drifting away to reveal Hiroshima marked out like a checkerboard in lines of fire. After that it is doubtful if anyone beyond the mental age of eleven could accept as a happy ending the reconciliation of Robert Taylor and Eleanor Parker.

"NIGHT WITHOUT SLEEP" opens with a study of Gary Merrill recovering from an alcoholic nightmare. It is a violent recovery which involves knocking over a lamp and table, splintering his wife's photograph and stepping on the dog. After this he steadies himself with another drink and settles down to a brooding examination of his disordered past.

His past, as revealed in flashbacks within flashbacks, is a long dark tunnel, murky as hell and treacherous as a collapsible drinking-cup. Drinking, in fact, is the hero's trouble. He drinks because he is unhappy and he is unhappy because when he was a small boy his mother made him practise the piano. As a result of this unfortunate childhood experience, he is wasteful of his talents, faithless to his wife and ruthless towards his mistress. In addition, he neglects to wear his tie when dropping in on fashionable cocktail parties. He is in fact an emotional shambles, and has been warned by his psycho-analyst, a handsome man with wavy hair, that unless he pulls himself together he is likely to go into an emotional blackout and murder someone he loves.

It seems that he loves three women —his wife, an attractive blonde, his mistress (Hildegarde Neff) and a sympathetic movie-star (Linda Darnell) whom he describes as "mistress of my heart, light of my life, apple of my eye." Since this is fairly typical of the dialogue that Actor Merrill has to cope with through long stretches of "Night Without Sleep", it isn't much wonder that he seems distracted, quite apart from the presence of that corpse in the master bedroom.

"THE STARS and Stripes Forever" is little more than a prolonged band-concert with John Philip Sousa's triumphant career supplying such continuity as exists. The screen adapters have tried to provide a little variety by introducing a pair of young lovers; but since their courtship took the form of almost continuous face slapping and shin kicking, I found them a rather dispiriting addition. Beyond this no one apparently could think of anything livelier than bigger bands and louder music to mark the advancing stages of the Sousa career.

Clifton Webb, cast as Sousa, and imperfectly disguised by pince-nez and chin whiskers, gives a sufficiently stylish performance as Clifton Webb, but the program went on and on and after a while I found myself moving, in march time, to the nearest exit.

PORTS OF CALL

Ireland's First Homecoming

by Kevin Durnin

DUNLAOGHAIRE, ENTRY PORT FIFTEEN MINUTES FROM DUBLIN

MARY McLOUGHLIN is a colleen of 82 summers, spry of step and keen of sight, with eyes that will never lose the vivid blue of Donegal's sky. Sixty years and more have passed since Mary and her husband John embarked on that boldest of all adventures—leaving their Irish homeland for an alien and rather terrifying new world.

How many days did it take them to cross the Atlantic? Mary is a little uncertain about such details nowadays, although she remembers well the day they both became citizens of the Commonwealth. New roots for old, and good strong roots the new ones were, their harvest through the years the finest of all—a robust family tree with branch upon branch of child, grandchild and great-grandchild.

So many times her family has heard Grandma Mary say she'd like to see Ireland just once more, but not with wonder have they heard her wish expressed, for these children too have heard that call in their own hearts, though they themselves have never watched the shadow of clouds on Errigal Mountain nor heard the witchery of an Irish harp before the hearth of a thatched cottage. No puny, transient longing is this, to be erased by a mere generation or three, but rather a true rapport with a second, distant Homeland, distilled in their very blood.

CALL IT the quality of Irish mysticism, or of essential character, or what you will; the fact remains that the Irish, more than any other people on earth, have a heritage of attachment to their ancient hills and valleys which neither time nor distance can erase. And though they may not consciously share their treasure with others, who does not, whatever his ancestral origin, reserve a special place in his heart for Ireland and her people which makes him their kin in spirit?

This year, the great year of the Irish Homecoming, Mary McLoughlin will have her wish granted, for her grandson Tom, his wife and little Kevin are to be one of the thousands of family groups to make their long-anticipated pilgrimage to the Emerald Isle. Their seats in the Trans-Atlantic plane have been reserved. The stewardess is poised, somewhere in the future, ready to serve Granny with an attractive dinner tray before making her comfortable for the night high above the ocean. And when the sun rises it will light, just for her, the rolling, incredibly green hills of home.

"Ireland At Home" is the official name of Ireland's first national "homecoming" in history. It will take place between Easter Sunday, April 5, and Sunday, April 26, although the entire year of 1953 will see many special events of interest to Ireland's sons and daughters, and in fact all visitors. The cultural and religious heritage of Ireland will be stressed in pageants, ceremonial parades, music festivals and kindred events, not alone in Dublin and other key cities, but in many of the tiny hamlets which dot the Irish countryside. Sports features are on the program too. Over a hundred of Ireland's societies and other organizations have pledged their support toward making "Ireland At Home" a rich and satisfying experience for all who journey to that land this year.

The period of "Ireland At Home" being in the spring of 1953, it will precede the great rush of tourist travel to Europe which is increasing in volume each summer, although June of next year, when Britain's Coronation of her new Queen will take place, will result in thousands of earlier-than-usual bookings by sea and air from this side of the Atlantic.

—Photos courtesy Irish Tourist Bureau

CAHIRCIVEEN, COUNTY KERRY, IS O'CONNELL'S BIRTHPLACE

CORAS Iompair Eireann, or CIE, as it is popularly known, Ireland's Transport Company, will operate a wide variety of attractive low-cost tours of Ireland's scenic and historic places by luxurious motor coach, at extremely reasonable prices.

In all, "Ireland At Home" will constitute a vast showcase of national treasures, whether they be in ancient stone or in the immortal traditions nourished in the hearts of a proud race. Everywhere, in Ireland's mountains and plains, inland counties and along the rugged coastline, kinsfolk of the old and new worlds will re-establish family ties.

Ancestral homes, family names traced on the headstones of country churchyards, the smile of welcome of cousin for cousin—these, perhaps, will remain the most vivid and satisfying memories of those who heed Ireland's call to her children during Homecoming Year.

ABOARD THE

EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND

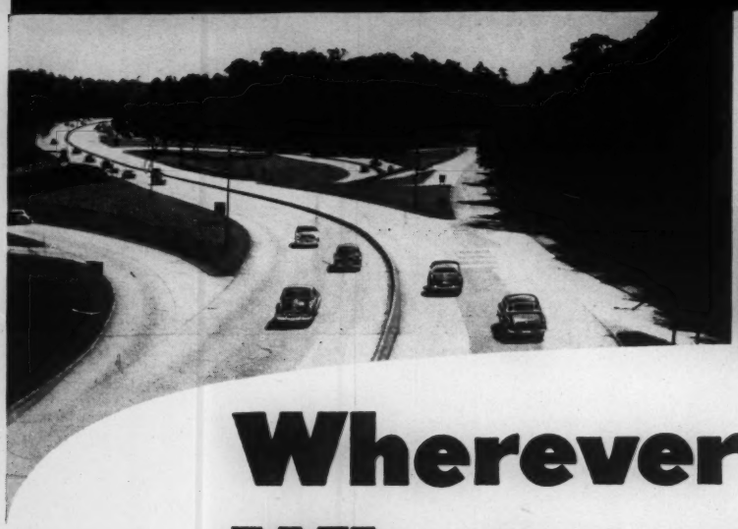
TO THE WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA

The world-famous Empress of Scotland leaves New York March 7 on a 17-day cruise ($425 up) to St. Thomas, Port of Spain, Puerto Cabello, Curacao, Cristobal and Havana . . . and on February 18 on a 15-day cruise ($375 up) to Kingston, Puerto Cabello, Curacao, Cristobal and Havana. You'll enjoy deck games, swimming in your choice of two sparkling pools, dancing, continuous gala entertainment, including a Broadway floor show, and interesting shoregoing parties at exotic ports of call. No passports or visas required. Cruise guests limited to 425.

Information and reservations from your own travel agent, or any Canadian Pacific office.

Canadian Pacific

ON CANADIAN ROADS



ON CANADIAN RAILWAYS

Wherever you are
Whatever you do...

GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCTS ARE WORKING FOR YOU

SUPPLYING CANADIAN INDUSTRIES

IN CANADIAN HOMES

On Canada's highways are more than a million cars and trucks bearing the name that means the best in craftsmanship and engineering.

On Canada's railway systems, smooth and efficient Diesel locomotives achieve the utmost in dependability and economy.

Along assembly lines in many factories precision parts add their value to the products of Canadian industry.

For millions of people at home, attractive and practical household servants make life more pleasant and provide more leisure.

All this is abundantly supplied to you from the expanding plants of General Motors in Canada.

GENERAL MOTORS

LEADERSHIP GM ENGINEERING · RESEARCH

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA LIMITED — OSHAWA AND WINDSOR

FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA LIMITED — LEASIDE AND SCARBOROUGH

GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL LIMITED — LONDON

THE McKINNON INDUSTRIES LIMITED — ST. CATHARINES AND GRANTHAM TOWNSHIP

PRODUCING MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

BALLERINA Celia Franca as Giselle. Miss Franca is Artistic Director, Canadian National Ballet. Photo by Gene Draper.

CONVERSATION PIECES

OUR TWO professional ballet companies on tour, *arabesque*-ing on each other's heels, especially in Montreal . . . the snip, snip of barber scissors in Washington and elsewhere as "Mamie Eisenhower" bangs gain headway . . . Roman ruins bowing out to Alan Young and Victor Mature in the new Ontario Latin textbooks, which will now have two stills from "Androcles and the Lion" . . . young Princess Alexandra of Kent as a coming fashion leader . . . the Anna Russell recording, taped during her Town Hall concert in which her soprano-antics vie with New York audience's howls of glee . . . dogs still man's best friend with estimated 25,000 romping in metropolitan Toronto alone, with the license bureau's blessing . . . Vancouver taking on a Boston hue with headline-grabbing, on-stage arrest of Canadian actors in poor old "Tobacco Road" . . . Dior's dictum for Spring that hemlines are one inch longer . . . Frances Shelley Wees's sale of her extra long 75,000-word mystery novel, "M'Lord, I Am Not Guilty", to Doubleday but with publication probably not until next year due to prior commitment for a one-issue insertion in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

. . . Canada's salmon in a new role, modestly divesting themselves of their skins for fashion shoes of fascinating iridescence . . . National Health Week from Feb. 1 to Feb. 7 . . . retirement of Miriam Green Ellis of Winnipeg, colorful agricultural reporter who knew her pigs and once distressed Toronto Society by appearing at the Royal Winter Fair in breeches . . . a Stockholm apartment house, circular in shape and with ten apartments on each floor . . . beginners' classes in pottery-making at the thriving Potters' Club of Montreal.

. . . The radio speech of Professor Arthur L. Phelps of McGill in which he called the modern woman of today a substandard human being and all he wanted was to get her out of the kitchen and interested in what is happening in the world . . . the long run everywhere of "Top Secret" with its sly English humor, this time poking fun at atomic scariness via the uproarious escapades of a "Plumbing Engineer, first class", wafted to Moscow by mistake.

. . . A nap after lunch or before dinner, taken quite brazenly and without shame since it's worth three hours pre-waking time, according to some doctors . . . Barbara Ann Scott showing a flair for showmanship in her ice revue as reported by a *New York Times* reviewer.

. . . Portia Club in Winnipeg honoring Mrs. Isabel Ross Hunt, Manitoba's first woman Queen's Counsel and pioneer woman lawyer in the Province . . . Canadian contralto Jean Watson singing role of "Delilah" in London, England. . . . The well-deserved Canadian Drama Award to Australian-born Vancouverite Dorothy Somerset, head of the Drama Department at the University of British Columbia . . . the number of African Violet Societies springing up to accept the challenge that African Violets are hard to nurture . . . the record-breaking number of women in the new U.S. Congress, eleven representatives and Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine back again . . . a colored cigarette to match a jewelled evening sweater . . . the leisure-hour sculpting of a bust of Queen Elizabeth II by Erna C. von Engle-Baiersdorf, anthropological curator of the City Museum in Vancouver . . . the new life in Tokyo for Mrs. Robert W. Mayhew, wife of Canada's first post-war Ambassador to Japan . . . Spring wedding of Donald Gordon, even better known as Chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board than as President of the CNR, to Norma Hobbs, a McGill graduate who served with the WRENS during the war . . . reprieve of white-elephant, tourist-attraction Casa Loma, seemingly unwanted and unloved by Toronto citizenry until threatened by demolition by Works Committee.

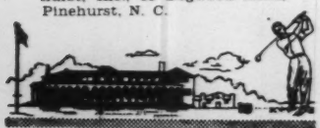
Flavor's artful aid...
ON YOUR TABLE
A dash of Lea & Perrins adds delicious flavor zest to steaks, stews and countless other dishes... The same fine sauce that enhances the cuisine of famous restaurants the world over!
IN YOUR KITCHEN
A gourmet's steak sauce, made by blending 3 parts melted butter with one part Lea & Perrins, is just one of many reasons why it deserves a convenient place in your kitchen.
LEA & PERRINS
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
Sauce

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA

GOLF

Rest and Relaxation

For golf at its best, play the four famous Pinehurst courses. Invigorating, pine-scented air. Fine hotels—good food—courteous service. Moderate rates. Congenial country club atmosphere. Also tennis, riding, bowling on the green and dancing. Smart dress shops with latest New York styles. Open Oct. 1. For reservations, write Pinehurst, Inc., 36 Dogwood Road, Pinehurst, N. C.



SMOKED SALMON

FILLETED SMOKED SALMON

cured over a maple-wood fire and canned in a modern cannery

A PACIFIC COAST TREAT

Six tins ¼ ovals packed by Great Northern Cannery

ONLY $1.38 POST PAID

WRITE TO:
FRANCIS MILLERD & CO. LTD.
P.O. BOX 97, HOLLYBURN, B.C.

ON A CANADIAN TOUR

Ballet Pirouettes East and West

by Margaret Ness

A BALLET company and a city's transients share a dingy 19th century Hall where Jenny Lind once sang—but they share it at different seasons. From May to October 15, the three-year-old National Ballet Company of Canada rehearses upstairs in downtown Toronto's crowded vegetable market, once the proud St. Lawrence Hall. Then the city firmly moves the dancers out to make winter sleeping quarters for its homeless.

So one of Canada's two professional ballet companies has no permanent home. But a slender wisp of a full-scale ballerina has overcome all difficulties to the extent of a coast-to-coast tour this year. Celia Franca may be the Company's "Artistic Director" but she combines artistic virtuosity with a down-to-earth commonsense.

Brought over from England in 1950 by a group of Toronto businessmen interested in the possibility of a professional Canadian ballet company, she first looked over the Canadian dancing talent available. She liked what she saw, and agreed to take on the job.

She has a refreshing viewpoint about Canadian non-acceptance of Canadian talent. "The only way to get encouragement is to work for it and deserve it." She doesn't like the attitude of so many that, willy-nilly, ballet should be State subsidized; not that she's against the idea but she feels that "Canadian ballet must prove itself first before asking the State to back it up."

FOR her trans-Canada tour this year she planned her repertoire very carefully. She wants her dancers and her audience to grow up together, so most of her program consists of old classical ballets. They may not be so exciting as an Agnes de Mille "Rodeo" but Miss Franca has her reasons. Dancers, she believes, must absorb the classics before they can create new stuff. And the average audience isn't ready for new works, either—not in the ballet sense—until they enjoy the classical background. Besides, a classical ballet is a test for dancers. There's only one right way to do it. Modern ballet dancing is like modern music—so much going on you can't be sure what is intended.

Miss Franca thinks that if both dancers and audience are brought up just on modern ballet, they tend to become what she calls "artsy-crafty." "It's like eating too much spice and losing your appetite for simple food." She has found that dancers in ballet companies who look down on the classics also tend to look down on the audience and cease to entertain.

She wishes that smaller centres didn't have "dance recitals". Too often the amateurish results put the audience off ballet for life. The Company found one ideal city in their Western tour. Nelson, B.C., had never seen any ballet. In fact there wasn't even a dance teacher around. So the 85 per cent audience that turned out for the Company's one-night stand had no preconceived ideas about ballet. And they loved it.

The next morning Miss Franca was shopping in a small grocery store before train time. The proprietress bewailed the fact she hadn't known they'd be so good and so hadn't gone. "Why aren't you staying longer?" she wanted to know. And Nelson citizens wrote their *Daily News* suggesting that the town enlarge the stage to make room for scenery (the Ballet had to play without it) and for better lighting in hopes of a return engagement.

CITIES like Toronto and Montreal which have had the opportunity of seeing the best ballet companies from abroad and from the U.S., have a ready-made audience for new works. For them Celia Franca has a new French-Canadian folklore ballet, "Le Pommier", with music by Hector Gratton of Montreal.

The other professional Canadian company, the Winnipeg Ballet, has included a new Canadian work in its present tour. "Prairie Ballet", scored by Robert Fleming of the National Film Board, has already been done successfully for the first time at home-base Winnipeg.

When the National Ballet Company was formed in 1951 there were angry cries from Winnipeg. After all, hadn't the Winnipeg Ballet, started by Gweneth Lloyd in 1938, practically put ballet on the Canadian map? So I was intrigued to find out what happened when the National Ballet Company recently played Winnipeg for the first time.

Blood is evidently thicker than water. The Winnipeg Ballet turned over its rehearsal studio to its rivals for practice purposes and the Winnipeg Directors held a party after the last performance of the three-day visit for the companies to meet each other. "All the members were perfectly charming," says Celia Franca. So much for rumors of war.

Miss Franca is a petite woman with a pointed, flowerlike face and raven-black hair which she wears in the approved horse's tail manner while rehearsing. She started dancing when she was just over four years old, although she doesn't herself advocate too early dancing and certainly not "on the points" before ten or eleven years of age. She has already had a distinguished career at Sadler's Wells, Metropolitan Ballet of London, Joos Ballet and Ballet Rambert.

Her young National Ballet Company is under the distinguished patronage of the Governor-General and has for honorary Patrons the Lieutenant-Governors of nine of the Provinces (not Manitoba), Dame Ninette de Valois of Sadler's Wells, Dr. Edward Johnson and the Canadian Dance Teachers' Association. Money for the running of the troupe is raised by graded listings from Benefactors who become life members with the payment of $500 or more, right down the scale to you and me who can become an annual member by donating $2.00 to $24.00. At $25.00 you are called a "Contributing" member.

The Ballet Company's motto may be "art for art's sake" but it doesn't function in any vague manner. It has a workman-like staff who sees that things get done the right way and on time; that the dancers are on the right trains and are fed en route.

And the dancers are top Canadians, drawn from right across the country: Latvian (now Haligonian) Irene Apiné who, with husband Jury Gotshalks, started the Halifax Ballet Guild (Jury is there now, running the school and minding their six-year-old son); Winnipeg-born David Adams who went

BALLET FOOD

BALLET dancing is strenuous work. So what do ballet dancers eat? Miss Franca says that most dancers enjoy a good steak, but that personally she believes you can get as much energy from eggs and cheese which are more easily digested.

For breakfast Miss Franca has orange juice, cereal, brown toast and honey (natural sugar) and, being English, a cup of China tea.

Lunches alternate. One day she has a salad sandwich which might include cream cheese, walnuts, tomatoes and lettuce, or perhaps watercress, grated beet and grated carrot. The next day she may have a "complete" fruit salad. Desserts are out at lunch but she does have one cup of coffee.

For dinner she splurges with a good thick vegetable soup, lean meat and vegetables (steamed so as not to let the goodness out) and the occasional treat of a rich dessert. A favorite one is what she calls *Marquise Alice à Cordon Bleu*, and is composed of almond macaroons, rum, praline, cream custard and chocolate cornets.

to the Sadler's Wells on a scholarship and later was dancing with Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars when he met and married Vancouver-born Lois Smith, now also with the National Ballet Company. Then there's Robert Ito of Vancouver, born of Japanese-Canadian parents, and Grant Strate, born in Cardston, Alberta, to Danish-Canadian parents. There are dancers from Uganda, East Africa, and Victoria, B.C. And dancers from Ontario cities of Toronto, London, Peterborough and Barrie, and from Montreal and Pointe Claire, Que.

Ballet dancers certainly don't get paid much. All the dancers—soloists and chorus alike—receive only $40 a week. And they rehearse 6 days a week from 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily.

Well, with our two professional companies on tour and Ballet groups in various large cities, ballet seems to be in Canada to stay. As Richard Coates said in the *Ottawa Journal:* "Ballet, which has lately been something of an ugly sister at the box office, is beginning to grow up and turn into a very healthy and attractive stepchild." And so the National Ballet Company is finding it. They haven't lost nearly as much money as they expected on this their first coast-to-coast tour. And places like London, Ont., where they played three nights last year, have invited them back for a week this time. So Miss Franca's troupe and the audiences are evidently ready to shoot up fast, hand-in-hand.

BEAUTY

For February Hands

by Isabel Morgan

WE HAVEN'T gone into the matter with the slightest degree of thoroughness but are willing to guess that the poets who sang of their beloved's pale hands lived where cold winds do not blow. For wind and cold are the things that make the rough, red paw—and who ever heard of hand lotion in those days? Add to wind and cold constant immersion in the dishpan, modern detergents and ordinary lack of care—and no wonder it is sometimes a matter for blushing when hands are spotlighted at the bridge table, when serving tea or just in the course of ordinary daily activities.

Fortunately even the roughest and most neglected hands respond quickly to a modicum of loving care and attention. All of which, by the way, is a very fine thing for those who would avoid snagged nylons. Then, too, why spend time and money keeping the face young and pretty, while hands are neglected and allowed to become rough, wrinkled and old looking, marred with ugly dark spots and freckles.

First-aid treatment for hands is best done just before going to bed. Wash them with a mild soap in warm—never hot—water. Now smooth in (with motions like that of drawing on a pair of gloves) the richest, most emollient cream you can get your hands on. Work it in well around the cuticle and under the nails. And while you are about it, rub some of the cream into the elbows, too. Now draw on a pair of loose white cotton gloves and you are ready for bye-bye. In the morning your hands will be smooth and silkily textured. If freckles, dark spots and such like blemishes still mar their whiteness they should soon yield to application of bleach cream.

All this is very well, of course, but it should not be forgotten that it is day-to-day care that keeps the hands looking their best at all times. That is why hand lotions and hand creams should be the beauty preparations in most constant use at this time of the year. A few drops or a dab of one or the other smoothed into the skin every time the hands have been in water or exposed to the cold will give you, too, the kind of hands poets like to sing about.

APPLYING make-up is apt to become almost mechanical — which is a very good reason to consider now and then the sort of results you hope to achieve. Here are three types of make-up, supplied by a beauty expert. One of them is yours . . .

Make-up to type:

The Round Face. . . All applied lines should lead upward to counteract roundness. The outward extension of eyebrows should point to the upper tip of the ear. Rouge should be worn high on cheekbone and blended up on to the temple and back to the hairline. The hair should be swept up and off the face.

The Long Face . . . Eyebrows should be arched, with the outer extension pointing to the lower tip of the ear. Rouge is worn under the cheekbone and carried back to upper and lower tip of ear. The hair should be worn in a rounded style, full around the face, sleek on top.

The Oval Face (the perfect face) . . . Let make-up accentuate the natural contour of your face. Eyebrows should point to the centre of the ear. Rouge is applied on the cheekbone and blended to the centre of the ear. Wear your hair any way you like—on you it will look good.

Elizabeth Arden

presents . . .
Ardena
Special
Hormone
Cream

a new formula to help bring new vitality, new glow, a new look of youth to your complexion

To the notable list of her contributions to the art of looking younger than you are, Miss Arden now adds her

Special Hormone Cream . . . A new combination of natural estrogenic substances which will help to re-vitalize your skin, keep it firm, alive, fresh and clear in color.

Ardena Special Hormone Cream will not only help you *look* younger but you will *feel* younger because you know you look that way.

$4.50 and $8.50

Elizabeth Arden
SIMPSON'S, TORONTO
And At Smartest Shops In Every Town

5000-B

THE LITTLE WOMAN

Romance As Always

by May Richstone

ARE YOU the girl your husband married? The magazine advertisements have asked me this question once too often. Permit me proudly to confess that I haven't changed.

It took plenty of effort. Thirty years ago, when my husband fell for the curve of my eyelashes, I was a vain, selfish, spoiled brat. I still am. I didn't have a thought in my head besides fine feathers and good times. I still don't. I couldn't cook, sew or run a house. I still can't.

It hasn't been easy to keep romance alive by remaining the girl my husband married. It's a strain to be temperamental and demanding all the time. Those little feminine tricks get pretty tiresome. The endless shopping for flattering new clothes is hard work. But I never relaxed my efforts.

When I breathed the blissful words, "I do!" I was efficient only at making the most of my appearance. Money was made to spend, preferably on me. Theatres, fine restaurants and night clubs were my natural habitat. Amid such scenes, my husband wooed and won me.

It would have been folly to change. When my husband came home from a tense day at the office, he found me glamorously attired, ready to go out to dinner.

"What are we celebrating?" he'd ask.

"Silly," I'd say indulgently. "Today is our anniversary. We've been married for seven months, three weeks and five days."

This didn't always seem to please him, but I was determined to remain gay and fun-loving, despite all obstacles.

When his socks developed holes, I threw them away. When his shirts needed buttons, I sat on his lap and pouted. How could I hold my husband's love if I let myself be transformed, imperceptibly, into a dowdy, prosaic housewife?

I can't count the hours I've spent at my dressing table mirror, trying to stave off the ravages of time. Thanks to my valiant efforts, my husband would hardly notice a wrinkle. You see, he left me twenty-seven years ago.

Coronation
and Spring
Mediterranean Cruise
in the 24,400-ton
S. S. NASSAU
from New York May 2—
46 days, from $895
—including shore excursions.
• THE MEDITERRANEAN
Madeira, Casablanca, Cadiz, Malaga, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, Monte Carlo, Lisbon.
• SHIP YOUR HOTEL IN LONDON
during 4-day coronation festivities
• FOUR DAYS IN PARIS
including rail trip from Le Havre, hotel, sightseeing. Brochure from your travel agent or
INCRES NASSAU LINE
HOME LINES, 42 Broadway
THE HOUSE OF TRAVEL, INC.
47 East 47th St., New York, N. Y.

BERMUDA
AT ITS BEST...
THE Castle Harbour
HOTEL . . . GOLF, BEACH and YACHT CLUB
For the most discriminating . . . modern luxury in an atmosphere of honest hospitality. Superb service, magnificent cuisine. Private beach and fleet of sailboats . . . 180 acres of landscaped grounds. Swim, play tennis or golf on new course adjoining famed Mid-Ocean . . . go fishing or bicycling . . . or relax on coral sands. Evenings, make merry at the Castle Rendezvous.
New private yacht club offers facilities for all types of pleasure craft, large and small.
Centrally located, the Castle Harbour is convenient to all points of interest on the Island—only minutes from airport and docks. Rates from $11 per person, including room with private bath, full breakfast and dinner.
RICHARD M. TOOHILL, GEN. MGR.
For colorful descriptive folder, see your Travel Agent or
WILLIAM P. WOLFE ORGANIZATION, REP.
92 Adelaide St., West, Toronto
Also New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland Philadelphia

EUROPE
in 1953
ASK FOR
INFORMATIVE NEW FOLDER
"Independent Travel"
UNIVERSITY TRAVEL CLUB
57 BLOOR ST. W., TORONTO, KI. 6984
Management: J. F. & G. H. Lucas

CONCERNING FOOD

Ideas for the Cookie Jar

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

IT WAS THE CUSTOM, in Grandmamma's day to bake a "test batch" of tea cakes (or whatever cookie was scheduled) before rolling and cutting all the dough. A good sound procedure in view of all the possible variations of ingredients and degrees of heat in a wood or coal stove oven. If the sour milk was too rich more flour would be added, but if the "test batch" came out dry and hard a dab more butter and an egg would be stirred in. A smart cook through trial and error and traded baking "secrets" knew her food chemistry and most answers to baking problems.

Our lot is much simpler with thermostatically controlled ovens and ingredients made standard by food processors. In the cookie category there are cookie mixes, cookies made from cake mixes, and wonderful packaged cookies. So one should never suffer from an empty cookie jar. Despite all these "aids" it's a common complaint of most households — and we're no exception.

Wonderful munching with a glass of cold milk is this buttery molasses cookie—

Old-Fashioned Molasses Cookies

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup molasses
- ¼ cup milk
- 1½ cups sifted all-purpose or bread flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking soda

The old-timey flavor in these cookies comes from the butter and the molasses. If you substitute something for butter, you may want a little powdered spice, cinnamon or ginger.

Cream butter until soft and fluffy; gradually beat in sugar. Add molasses and milk; mix well. Sift dry ingredients together; add to molasses mixture; mix well. Shape into rolls, then square up the sides and corners forming a brick of dough about 2½ inches in width.

Wrap securely in waxed paper or foil; chill overnight. Slice as thinly as possible; place on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° to 375°F) about 10 to 12 minutes. Watch them carefully — molasses cookies burn easily if left to their own devices. Cool on wire rack before storing. Makes about 4 dozen.

Not too sweet is this variation of the "brownie" family—

Oatmeal Brownies

- ½ cup butter (or part butter and shortening)
- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 1 cup quick-cooking oats
- ½ cup chopped nuts
- ½ cup chopped dates
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt butter and chocolate together in double boiler. Remove from heat and stir in sugar. Add eggs one at a time beating after each addition. Combine remaining ingredients except vanilla so that the dates are well distributed and add to the butter-chocolate mixture. Add vanilla and combine thoroughly. Turn into a greased 7 x 11 or 8 x 8 cake pan. Bake in oven 350°F for 30 minutes. Cut into squares or fingers in pan while still hot and remove when cool (not cold).

Here's recipe for an easily assembled cookie—

Date Crunchies

- 1-1/3 cups (1 tin) sweetened condensed milk
- 3 cups graham crumbs*
- 1/3 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup finely chopped dates
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Combine all ingredients thoroughly. Drop from a teaspoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake in 375°F oven for 12-15 minutes or until lightly browned. Remove from pan at once. Yield: About 4 dozen cookies.

*2½ cups graham cracker crumbs plus ¾ cup shredded coconut (fine) may be used in place of the 3 cups crumbs.

SOMETHING SUBSTANTIAL: Moisten canned corned beef hash with tomato ketchup and spread on buttered toast. Cover with grated cheese or ready sliced cheese. Broil until cheese is melted.

Mash some canned baked beans, add ketchup if desired and spread on buttered toast. Top with grated cheese and small snips of bacon. Broil until cheese is hot and bacon crisp.

An Eastern Sandwich, basically, is the same as a Western: Pan fry minced lean beef (¼ lb. for 4 sandwiches) with some minced onion until browned. Pour over this 3 eggs blended with 2 tbsp. milk and seasonings. Cook over low heat slowly until eggs are just set. Heap mixture on buttered toasted rolls or between slices of plain bread.

BRAIN-TEASER

NOT ON THE SQUARE

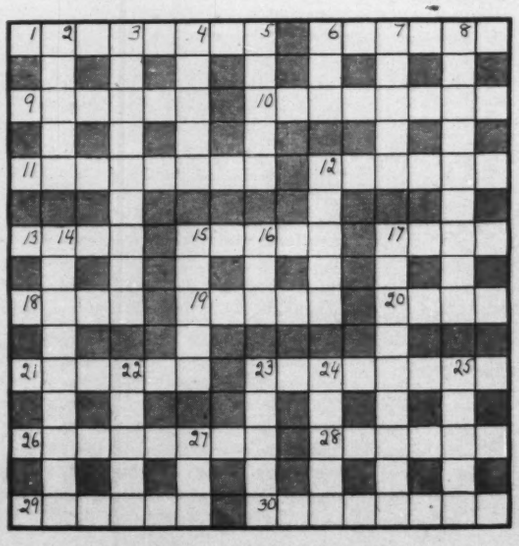
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 and 29. O (8, 6)
6. Contend with a tasty bit of chicken. (6)
9. What a madman does when stark? (6)
10. It's beneath even a cur, it seems, to notice his inferiority. (8)
11. Took off for a skilful act around the canal? (8)
12. The enchantress swallows 50 in one round. (6)
13. This will mislead if you get mad about it. (4)
15. Necessary to build up a flourishing bakery. (5)
17. A quarter of the time he refused to be employed. (4)
18. Naturally they're to be found somewhere around in Kilmer's "Trees". (4)
19. See 5.
20. See 23 across.
21. One walks on the outside of this staircase. (6)
23 and 20. In the nursery we went round it early in the morning. (8, 4)
26. A well-known pussy's bell. (4, 4)
28. Where to get the sun as a change from wintry weather. (6)
29. See 1.
30. In his country the nickel is worth more than a nickel. (8)

DOWN

2 and 5. Taken all in all, "Row, row, row your boat" certainly was. (2, 3, 5)
3. They go round merrily, making up losses on the swings. (9)
4. His name suggests you should give ear to his music. (5)
5 and 19. Conference board? (5, 5)
5 and 8. Where silver foxes are found? Women stoop to get them! (5, 9)
6 and 12. Suggests a consequence of 5, 8 is dangerous at high speed. (3, 5)
7. Here the wrong answer is 22. (5)
8. See 5.
12. See 6 down.
14. Many a shop-keeper has cut a good figure with it. (4, 5)
15. A flat, perhaps, might prove to be on a 6 down, 12 down. (5)
16. Little brother turns up round here. (3)
17. One may be so by sleep, unless bed is remade. (9)
22. See 7. (5)
23. Does the fairy ring admit you to this 12 across? (5)
24. Worn round Lenin? (5)
25. Twirl a tiara. (5)
27. It could cause a row, when put in by an interfering person. (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 6, 28, 3. More dead than alive
3. See 1 across
6, 1 down, 22. Dead men tell no tales
6 and 2. Dead reckoning
6 and 4. Dead letters
9. See 29
11. Stoa 13. Evoke
14. Eliminate
15. Loiters 17. Expired
19. Dogwood 21. Sleep in
23. Alligator 25. Bleat
26. Elan
27. Pantagruel
28. See 1 across
29 and 9. In the nick of time
29 and 25 down. In the bag
30. Zeus

DOWN

1, 2 and 4. See 6
5. Vampire
7. Extra
8. Dead end
10. Owe
12. Wimple 16. Enough
18. Reproduce 19. Dearest
20. Detrain 21. Stretch
22. See 6 24. Llama
25. See 29 (247)

When we're in the mood to

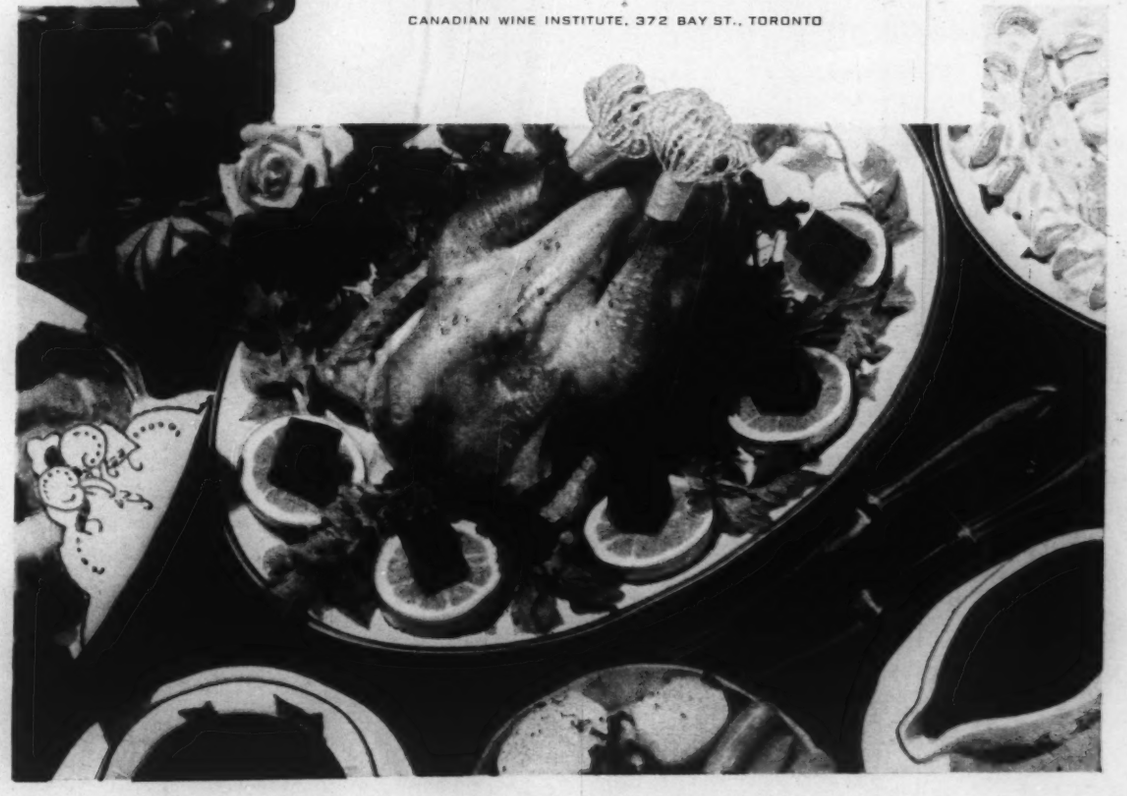
Coax Appetites

Want that dinner to seem extra special? Then serve a rich-flavored Canadian Sherry just before. Guests' eyes will light up when you pass around this perfect aperitif. And there's nothing like it to make everyone *really* savor your good dinner!

we prefer Canadian Sherry

Canadians can enjoy a good sherry at little expense, because of the special climate and soil of the famous Niagara peninsula. Here, in one of the world's most favored grape-growing areas, the master vintners make wines which have a growing reputation for quality. Try them!

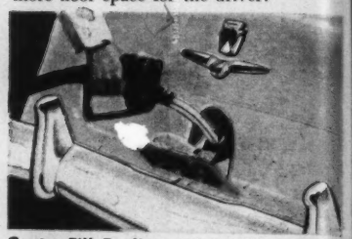
CANADIAN WINE INSTITUTE, 372 BAY ST., TORONTO



It's FORD again for '53

with the Sensational new "Miracle Ride"

Power-Pivot Pedals, suspended from above, work easier and eliminate drafty floor holes, road noise and dust—provide more floor space for the driver!



Centre-Fill Fueling makes filling-up easy from either side of the gas pump . . . prevents damage to finish and gas spilling on fenders.

and a brand-new, longer, lower, wider look

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY OF THE GREATEST NAME IN MOTORING

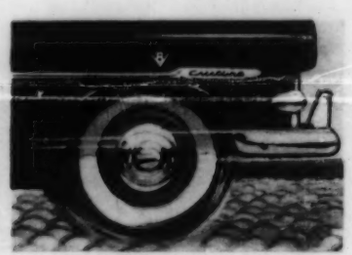
Hull-Tight Bodies, for dust-free, draft-free comfort, are built to stay "young".

It's here . . . the new, pace-setting, style-making '53 Ford—presenting for the first time—the sensational new *Miracle Ride!* Now, feel the difference in the '53 Ford—with the entire suspension system *completely-balanced* for a *safer, smoother, quieter* ride—that gives a brand-new concept of comfort on *all* kinds of roads. Again, Ford steps ahead with all the features you want . . . Full-Circle Visibility that *really* lets you see . . . a car that handles with effortless steering, braking and parking . . . with proved V-8 power and brilliant performance. See it . . . check it . . . you'll find the 1953 Ford gives you so many things you *need* and *want.* Test-Drive Ford for quality . . . for features . . . for value—you'll know why, more than ever before, *the swing is to Ford!*

*Fordomatic Drive, Overdrive and white sidewall tires optional at extra cost.

Strato-Star V-8 110-Hp. Engine with high compression performance and Automatic Power Pilot for traditional Ford economy. Advanced design backed by experience gained in building more V-8 engines than all other manufacturers combined.

Fordomatic* Drive is the finest, most versatile automatic drive on the road. With Ford you can choose from Fordomatic*, Overdrive*, or Synchro-Silent Shift.



New Miracle Ride that takes all the factors of ride, engineers them into a *completely-balanced* combination for a ride that's truly a revelation in riding comfort on all kinds of roads.

No wonder the swing is to FORD!

Ford Monarch SEE YOUR FORD DEALER... *TEST-DRIVE* the new '53 **FORD**